

## **IT**

based on the novel by Stephen King  
adaptation by Dave Kajganich

for Lin Pictures / Warner Brothers

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### **NOTE:**

This is, at heart, a story about adults confronting unresolved trauma from their childhoods. As such, the concept of memory, specifically repressed memory, plays an important role.

Memories here are initially presented as conventional flashbacks, or quicker "flash memories," but as the story progresses, the past and the present take on an increasingly close relationship. At points, the past and present share the screen as certain locations trigger recovered memories. Ultimately, the past and present literally *meet and coexist* in the story's final showdown.

For simplicity's sake, all scenes taking place in the past appear in **bold**. To further differentiate, the past happens in vivid summer weather, while the present plays out during a gray few days in spring.

EXT. WITCHAM STREET -- NIGHT

It is the last hour of night in Derry, Maine. On a tree-lined street in a residential part of town, the houses are big black silhouettes of peaked roofs and TV aerials.

Timed traffic signals switch from green to yellow to red. In yards, tiny nozzles pop up and begin spraying newly planted garden beds. Things are happening while the families of Derry sleep.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

BILL DENBROUGH (38) is tossing in bed, in the grip of some encompassing NIGHTMARE:

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, GEORGIE'S ROOM -- DAY

Bill (11) is standing in his brother's bedroom, in a black suit and tie. It is silent here, a little spooky. All of his brother's toys are stowed and the room is weirdly tidy. On the dresser, next to Georgie's kindergarten photo, is a lit funeral candle.

MR. DENBROUGH (O.S.)

What did your mother and I tell  
you about your brother's room?

Bill's father's voice startles him. He turns to see MR. DENBROUGH (38), also in a black suit, standing in the door looking at Bill with a mix of grief and rage.

BILL

D-Don't be m-m-mad.

Bill's stutter, though mild, is pronounced.

MR. DENBROUGH

There's nothing for you in here.  
Not anymore.

He goes to hug his father, but Mr. Denbrough merely holds the door open until Bill files out. Then he shuts it behind them. And LOCKS it.

BACK TO:

Like a man running out of a burning house, Bill wrenches himself awake with a GASP.

BILL

You're okay-- You're okay--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's soaked in sweat and unable to breathe from real, adrenalized fear. He sits up to catch his breath. There is no one with him, no wife, no lover, no soulmate.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Bill opens the medicine cabinet to reveal a list he's taped there. He writes today's date and "GEORGIE'S ROOM." Other dates are titled "NEIBOLT ST.," "SEWERS," and, ominously, "IT." From the looks of it, Bill's been having steadily increasing nightmares. For weeks.

He shuts the cabinet and splashes his face. He's a handsome guy, but his features are lined by years of stress, and his hair has thinned prematurely. He looks exhausted. Still, something boyish remains.

EXT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, FRONT PORCH -- NIGHT

Bill's porch light comes on and he steps out to get the morning paper. The front page reads: MISSING BOY'S FATHER RELEASED. INVESTIGATION CONTINUES.

He goes back in his house and the kitchen light comes on. Through the window Bill can be seen starting the coffeemaker. Time to start the day.

BILL (V.O.)

Can an entire town be haunted?

DERRY MORNING MONTAGE: A series of shots begins of places around Derry, all vacant this early. Weedy city parks and playgrounds, Up-Mile Hill, downtown's canal, the city's Standpipe. Derry is at once bucolic and a little sinister in this cold pre-dawn light.

BILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Not just one abandoned house, or the corner of a single street. Or one particular basketball court in one particular park. But the whole works. Everything. Can that be?

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, BILL'S OFFICE -- DAWN

Bill cuts out the article from the morning paper and tacks it up on the bulletin board in his office beside others regarding kids recently missing in Derry.

BILL (V.O.)

Listen:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL (V.O.)

*Haunted.* "Often visted by ghosts  
or spirits." Funk and Wagnalls.

(beat)

*Haunting.* "Persistently recurring  
to mind. Difficult to forget."

He sits at the desk and pulls the phone in front of him. From a desk drawer, he spreads out some index cards on which are telephone numbers for "BEN," "EDDIE," "RICHIE," and "BEVERLY."

He picks up the phone, hesitates, reconsiders, and then sets it back down. He puts his head in his hands.

INT. BILL'S CAR -- DAY

Bill drives through Derry. It is a typical New England story: a once-prosperous mill town fallen on hard times.

BILL (V.O.)

And this last one, the one that  
really scares me: *A Haunt*. A zoo-  
logical term meaning "A place to  
feed."

(beat)

Please God it hasn't started a-  
gain. Please God I don't have to  
call them back here.

He turns into the lot of the city's public library and parks in a STAFF spot.

BILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Please God, let me be wrong about  
this fucking town.

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OPENING CREDITS play over PHOTOGRAPHS from DERRY'S long HISTORY, showing a hearty New England lumber town devolve into today's economically depressed county seat.

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INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, STACKS -- DAY

At the library, Bill goes about his job archiving materials, shelving volumes, and tagging books needing repair. He passes the official MISSING posters put up in the lobby display case. Five smiling young faces.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, BILL'S OFFICE -- DAY

In his office, Bill is eating lunch, listening to a small RADIO TURNED LOW. At some point he stops and looks up. AUDRA (33) is standing at his door, unpinning her STAFF badge. She's a lovely woman a few years Bill's junior. She smiles.

AUDRA

Is that a *police* radio?

(beat)

You giving up on music or something?

BILL

Help you, Audra?

AUDRA

(re: his lunch)

I was just going to ask if you wanted anything from Gedreau's, but it looks like you're set.

(beat)

You could still come join me. Old times--

BILL

No thanks.

She lingers for a moment, then comes in and half shuts the door. She sits.

AUDRA

Bill, won't you tell me what's wrong? You've been in this funk for weeks. People are starting to worry.

BILL

People?

The RADIO begins CHATTERING some new DISPATCH. Bill gives it half his attention.

AUDRA

Okay. Me. I'm worried. You've been walking around here like you want to throttle somebody.

BILL

I do.

She glances down at more missing posters on his desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUDRA

Bill, everyone's upset about the kids. But-- you seem to be taking it a little harder than most--

Suddenly, Bill motions for quiet and TURNS UP the RADIO.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

--*Kansas Street, by the culvert there. Officer is requesting full back-up. Looks like a John Henry.*

Bill jumps up and grabs his raincoat. Audra is wide-eyed.

AUDRA

What's a 'John Henry'?

BILL

Body of a child.

AUDRA

Oh my God.

Bill hurries past her and out the door.

EXT. KANSAS STREET, CULVERT -- DAY

This part of Kansas Street runs beside a wooded area where police have blocked off both sides of a small concrete bridge. Bill moves past where cops are talking to reporters and heads down an embankment toward the coroner's team.

A DEPUTY (30) sees Bill coming and holds him back.

DEPUTY

Sir. This is a crime scene--

But Bill sees the SHERIFF (50) standing near the body with the Coroner and shouts to him.

BILL

You should have started a curfew, months ago! Like I said to! I told you these kids weren't runaways.

The Sheriff takes a few steps in Bill's direction.

SHERIFF

You can't stick to town halls, Mr. Denbrough? You have to come all the way down here to tell me that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bill tries to see the body, but they've put screens up around it. It begins to rain.

BILL

Who is it? Jerry Bellwood? One of the Hawn twins? Who?

SHERIFF

Get your rear back in your car and let us work. Before I have you escorted there.

But the Coroner's Assistant steps back and, for a moment, Bill can see between the screens.

It is the body of a boy, about eight years old. He has been ripped apart and left lying face down in the little creek there. His pajamas are crusty with dried blood.

BILL'S POV: On the boy's head is a hat, made out of a piece of old newspaper--or, more precisely, a paper boat that's been put on the dead boy's head like a hat.

And, without warning, a WAKING NIGHTMARE begins:

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, BILL'S ROOM -- DAY

BILL DENBROUGH (11) is sick in bed, surrounded by comic books and Kleenex. He is folding a sheet of newspaper into a paper boat. Downstairs, someone is playing PIANO.

His little brother GEORGIE (6) watches as Bill opens up some sealing wax and starts rubbing it all over the boat.

GEORGIE

Can I do some?

BILL

Don't get any on the blankets or Mom'll have a b-bird.

Bill gives him the boat and wax.

GEORGIE

I wish you could come, too. It's your boat really.

BILL

*She.* You call boats "she."

GEORGIE

Mom said you can maybe go outside tomorrow--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

No. Please. Go. If this gets you  
out of my hair, I'll fold you a  
dozen more.

Georgie giggles.

BILL (CONT'D)

Just don't go past the stop signs,  
okay? Stay where I can see you.

Georgie nods. Bill waves the boat dry and hands it to  
him. Georgie hugs him, then hurries out.

GEORGIE (O.S.)

Thanks, Bill! It's a neat boat!

BILL

*She--*

Bill listens to Georgie get his coat and then HEAD OUT  
the FRONT DOOR.

EXT. WITCHAM STREET -- DAY

Georgie hurries to the flooded curb in front of the house  
and sets the boat down. It is immediately carried off by  
the current. He follows the boat, rooting it on. It dips  
and dives, but does not sink.

He does not see the sewer drain in time, though. The boat  
enters a sluice of water, tips over the edge into the  
darkness, and is gone. *No!*

Georgie looks back at his house, then at the grate,  
frowning. When the VOICE comes out of the sewer it more  
confuses Georgie than startles him.

IT/PENNYWISE

Hiya, Georgie!

Georgie peers in more closely. Someone is down there, but  
it's too dim to make out any details.

GEORGIE

Hello?

IT/PENNYWISE

Look what I found! A little paper  
boat! Now who could it belong to I  
wonder?

Georgie's face lights up. The voice is friendly enough.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GEORGIE

Mine! She's mine!

IT/PENNYWISE

"She!" That's good! That's very good! And how about a balloon, as long as we're at it?

(beat)

They float--

And, sure enough, Georgie can see them bumping up against the underside of the sewer. He can't resist and reaches for the opening. And SUDDENLY:

An arm, in a white cotton glove and silken sleeve, *shoots up* out of the grate and grabs his wrist. Georgie screams. It yanks him down with violence, face-first to the curb, over and over, trying to drag him under the street.

EXT. DENBROUGH HOUSE -- DAY

In his upstairs window of his house, Bill is standing open-mouthed, seeing all of this.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, BILL'S ROOM -- DAY

He tries to yell, but all that comes out is his stutter.

BILL'S POV: It's over. Georgie is lying in the road, his raincoat splashed with blood. A NEIGHBOR runs toward Georgie, YELLING. Downstairs, the PIANO STOPS.

MRS. DENBROUGH (O.S.)

Bill? Did you call me?

EXT. DENBROUGH HOUSE -- DAY

The Neighbor carries Georgie toward the Denbrough house. Mrs. Denbrough runs out, screaming. She tries to take him, but they lay him on the wet grass instead. George's eyes are open to the rain. His arm's been torn off.

BILL (V.O.)

No one believed me. No grown-ups, anyway. Even when other kids began going missing, turning up mutilated in some odd corner of Derry, they said there was no way anyone could be down that storm drain. But I knew what I saw.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

**Mrs. Denbrough screams and screams. More neighbors begin coming out of their dark houses to see what's happened.**

BILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And I wasn't the only one.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, BILL'S OFFICE -- DAY

Bill comes rushing in, out of breath and wet with rain. He scrambles for the index cards with the phone numbers, grabs the phone and starts punching in the first one.

He waits, without patience, while the line connects.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO -- DAY

The San Francisco skyline reveals a 60-floor office tower under construction. Halfway to the top, BEN HANSCOM (38) runs up an exposed stairwell in shorts and running shoes.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO CONSTRUCTION SITE, STAIRWELL -- DAY

Ben is in the middle of a grueling workout. He has a handsome, wind-chapped face and his physique is hard and trim. He's oblivious to the dropoff half a foot away.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO CONSTRUCTION SITE, YARD -- DAY

After running, Ben stretches in the construction yard. The YARD MANAGER leans out of a trailer and calls to him.

YARD MANAGER  
Mr. Hanscom. Call for you. A Bill Denbrough.

BEN  
Take a message, would you, Ricky?

The Yard Manager disappears for a moment then comes back.

YARD MANAGER  
He said to tell you it's "Big Bill."

Something clicks for Ben. Then the Yard Manager adds:

YARD MANAGER (CONT'D)  
From Derry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then Ben gets it. And it hits him like another 60 floors.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO CONSTRUCTION SITE, TRAILER -- DAY

Ben comes in and grabs a phone at one of the desks there. Architectural plans and renderings cover every surface.

BEN

Bill? Jesus. I can't believe this.  
How the heck are you doing--?

With no warning, Bill simply says:

BILL'S VOICE

It's back.

A beat. Suddenly, Ben looks like he wishes he'd never taken this particular call.

BILL'S VOICE (CONT'D)

You know what I'm talking about?

Ben sits.

BEN

Have you called the others?

BILL'S VOICE

You're the first.

BEN

Wow. Let me just take a sec here.

BILL'S VOICE

There's a lot to talk about and  
not a lot of time if we're gonna  
do any good here.

BEN

Okay. Well, if you're asking me to  
come out there, which I guess you  
are, it might take me a week or so  
to pull together an open weekend--

BILL'S VOICE

It's killing again, Ben. Kids.

Ben wipes his mouth, which has suddenly gone dry.

BILL'S VOICE (CONT'D)

So I need you to get on a plane as  
soon as you can. Tonight even. Can  
you do that?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL'S VOICE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Please tell me you can do that. Because you promised.

And so Ben REMEMBERS:

INT. TUNNELS, CONCRETE LEVEL -- DAY

The five members of the Loser's Club--four boys and one girl, all 11--stand in a circle, holding hands, knee-deep in a sewer. They all look badly shaken, even hurt.

BILL

Swear. If It comes back you'll help me finish It. For good.

They swear. Bill takes a shard of Coke bottle and begins making cuts in all their hands. BEN (11) apparently quite fat as a child, is last. He looks down as his palm fills with blood.

BACK TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO CONSTRUCTION SITE, YARD -- DAY

Ben comes outside, a little pale. He looks at his palms, but the scars have long since faded. Somewhere above him, the SHIFT WHISTLE BLOWS.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHIE TOZIER'S LOFT, BATHROOM -- DAY

RICHIE TOZIER (38) is on his knees dry heaving into quite a fancy-looking toilet. He's in just boxer shorts and a t-shirt, his torso spasming.

INT. RICHIE TOZIER'S LOFT, BEDROOM -- DAY

Richie comes in, and sits on the rumpled bed. He has to move the phone to make room. He puts it on the night stand, beside a pair of half-eaten take-out lunches and some condom wrappers.

He has a great LA haircut, great LA glasses. Normally, he must look very put together. At the moment, he looks like he's been punched.

Out the glass doors in front of him is a million-dollar view of Venice Beach and the vast Pacific. On the sand, a man, STEVE (40), is tossing a ball to a black lab.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

When Richie gains his composure, he goes to the closet, opens it up, and pulls down a suitcase.

EXT. KLAD STUDIOS -- DAY

A radio tower sits atop a building on the Sunset Strip. A billboard features Richie's grinning face with the slogan "Tozier on KLAD--You'll Be Hearing Voices!"

INT. KLAD STUDIOS, MAIN STUDIO -- DAY

Under a red "ON AIR" light, Richie sits at the mic, in the middle of his show.

RICHIE

(as Granny Grunt)

Then they asked if I ever got picked up by the fuzz in my day.

(as Kinky Briefcase)

And have you?

(as Granny Grunt)

No. But I told 'em I been swung around by my titties a few times!

Richie signals the Engineer and there is CANNED LAUGHTER.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

(as Kinky Briefcase)

Until next time, this is Kinky Briefcase, Sex Accountant. If you can't get hard, you need my card!

(as himself)

Well that's it for me folks. Trash-mouth Richie Tozier signing off for a few days of R+R.

The Engineer looks up at this, surprised.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I'll see you back here same time same station, after the weekend.

Behind him, Steve comes out of his office door marked "STATION MANAGER," also looking surprised.

INT. KLAD STUDIOS, GREEN ROOM -- DAY

Steve ushers Richie into a green room and shuts the door. He's pissed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE

Let me get this straight: You're putting my balls to the wall for a promise you made when you were ten years old?

RICHIE

Eleven.

STEVE

Cut the bullshit! You've got Larry David tomorrow, Clarence Clemons on your Saturday show--

RICHIE

I can call in some favors and get some names to replace them if they want to cancel, but I'm going. I'm on a red-eye out of LAX tonight.

STEVE

What about clothes and things?

RICHIE

I packed a bag. It's in my car.

Steve takes a deep breath through his nose, like a bull.

STEVE

This is why you ran out at lunch?

Richie nods.

RICHIE

Look, don't be pissed. This is-- it's very serious.

STEVE

What isn't with you?

Steve puts a hand on Richie's shoulder, softening a bit.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Look. Just promise me you'll keep me posted. I don't like this, any of this, and I don't want any surprises Monday morning.

RICHIE

I promise.

STEVE

Put your mouth where your money is, then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Steve leans up to kiss Richie, but Richie pulls back, quick-glancing at the door.

RICHIE

Not here.

A different kind of frustration comes into Steve's face.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

We agreed--not at work.

STEVE

Right. Just your place. With the doors locked and the shades drawn.

(beat)

Buy me a souvenir, asshole.

Steve heads out the door. Richie checks his watch. Outside, the LAUGH TRACK from the next radio show can be heard, and a MEMORY comes:

INT. TOZIER HOUSE, FAMILY ROOM -- NIGHT

Richie, his parents, and his little sister are all watching TV. "Bedtime With Bonzo" is on; Ronald Reagan is bottle feeding a chimp.

MRS. TOZIER

That's your President, children.

Richie perks up, not quite believing what he's hearing.

RICHIE

Wait a minute. Actors can turn out to be President?!

Mr. Tozier says, mildly, from his recliner.

MR. TOZIER

Mostly, they just turn out to be queers.

MRS. TOZIER

(lightly)

Not a nice word, hon.

Richie sinks back into his seat. He glances at his mother and then notices something about what she's wearing. From the look on his face, this is of crucial importance.

CLOSE ON: Large, hideous, silver nugget earrings.

CUT TO:

INT. MARSH STUDIO, WORK FLOOR -- DUSK

In the industrial loft headquarters of a Chicago dress-making company, nearly everyone's gone home for the day. Mannequins dressed in bridal gowns in various stages of tailoring take up most of the space.

BEVERLY ROGAN (38) is writing some notes on a design sketch. She's a striking redhead, all the more lovely for being not much aware of her looks.

TOM ROGAN (45) is leaning on the desk beside her, looking bored. He's nicely dressed and has a motorcycle helmet in his hands. Somewhere, a TELEPHONE RINGS.

TOM ROGAN

Come on, babe. You know I don't  
like to be late to these things.

So Beverly caps her marker. Her colleague KAY (50) comes out of a room in back.

KAY

Phone call, sweetie. Urgent.

BEVERLY

(apologetic, to Tom)  
I'll make it quick.

As Beverly runs back to the office, Kay comes over and begins packing her things. She and Tom exchange a nod, neither a fan of the other, clearly.

Tom sees Beverly pick up the call through the office window. He can't hear what she's saying, but he watches, with great attention. Like Ben, Beverly smiles at first, but her expression immediately shifts.

TOM

What's so urgent?

KAY

Dunno. The guy didn't say.

Guy? Tom's eyes narrow a hair.

INT. MARSH STUDIO, BACK OFFICE -- DUSK

Beverly shoulders the phone and starts writing something.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BEVERLY

Derry Town House. I remember it.  
Okay. I'll try to get a flight  
tonight. I'll do my best, Bill.

(beat)

We're going to get through this,  
okay? We'll help each other.

Beverly says goodbye and puts down the phone.

**FLASH MEMORY: A large man in work clothes, his back turned, is standing in a bathroom splashed with blood.**

Beverly shakes away this memory. When she straightens up, Tom is standing in the door, watching her.

TOM ROGAN

Somebody needs your help, Bev?

BEVERLY

Tom. I'm sorry. I'm going to have  
to cancel our plans tonight. That  
was an old friend. An old old  
friend and something's happened.

He reaches for the pad, but she picks it up, too quickly.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Let me explain first. I don't have  
time to argue, or negotiate this  
one. I have to go. It's no joke.  
It's a life or death situation.

He takes a step toward her and, like that, the energy in the room shifts.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Tom.

She glances out the window to the work floor.

TOM ROGAN

Kay left. It's just us.

A beat. Beverly knows what this means. When Tom speaks, it's with sinister calm.

TOM ROGAN (CONT'D)

Don't you ever hold something back  
from me. Did you forget that?

Beverly lowers her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BEVERLY

Yes. I'm sorry, Tom. I forgot.

He looks her up and down, critically.

TOM ROGAN

We're late for the show, but I don't care about that now. We're gonna start over. And this time, you're gonna *help* me understand who is this old, old friend--

(beat)

--and what he needs from my wife that's so God damned important.

Beverly, regressed, can only nod. He smiles. And then he hits her.

CUT TO:

**FLASH MEMORY: A squat, weathered house sits abandoned in a weedy yard. Trees sway around it in the summer breeze. Sunflowers nod in the side yard.**

INT. BOSTON ROYAL LIMO SERVICE, BATHROOM -- NIGHT

EDDIE KASPBRAK (38) is at the sink in his company restroom, rubbing his eyes, REMEMBERING this. Someone's KNOCKING on the door.

MYRA (O.S.)

Who was that on the *telephone*?  
Eddie, you're scaring me!

INT. BOSTON ROYAL LIMO SERVICE, HALLWAY -- NIGHT

When Eddie comes out of the rest room, his wife MYRA (40) is waiting there. She's a pretty, 240-lbs woman. They are wearing matching v-neck sweaters with a company logo reading "BOSTON ROYAL LIMO."

MYRA

I saw you run in here--

Eddie has a timid, rabbitty face and is rail-thin, making his wife seem all the more monstrous.

EDDIE

I have to go away for a few days.

MYRA

Away?! *Where?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eddie pushes past her and heads to his office.

INT. BOSTON ROYAL LIMO SERVICE, OFFICE -- NIGHT

Eddie shuts down his computer and opens his desk drawer. He picks out several prescription medicines, including an aspirator, and shoves them in his pockets.

EDDIE

To Maine. To my old home town.

MYRA

What about work? You have to pick up Al Pacino in an hour!

EDDIE

You'll have to drive him yourself. Demitri's got the MLA conference.

MYRA

I can't drive Al Pacino! I'll have an accident. You know how I get with famous people.

Eddie is finding it a little hard to breathe.

EDDIE

Myra, listen to me. That was a friend on the phone, a friend I owe a lot. He needs help and I promised I'd give it.

MYRA

Something's really wrong, then.

Eddie nods.

MYRA (CONT'D)

You're in some kind of trouble-- Eddie! Tell me!

EDDIE

I'm taking one of the Town Cars.

Myra's chin starts to quiver. Big tears are on their way. Eddie really is starting to have trouble breathing.

MYRA

You've never kept anything from me before, Eddie! You're scaring me so bad! Look at you! You're having an attack!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

Myra. Stop.

(beat)

I'm not hiding anything. And I'm fine. I'll explain when I get there. I just have to get on the road if I want to make it tonight.

MYRA

NOW? You're leaving right this SECOND?!

EDDIE

(more gently)

I don't want to fall asleep at the wheel, right?

Myra comes over and takes his face in her hands and makes him look her in the eye. Tears slip down her cheeks.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Look, sweetie, it's not just me. Okay? I won't be alone. I'll be with friends.

MYRA

You don't have any friends!

She says this without meanness. It is, apparently, the truth. Now she is crying.

EDDIE

Don't be scared.

MYRA

I can't help it!

From the look on Eddie's face, neither can he. She folds him into a bone-grinding, tragic hug.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR -- NIGHT

Eddie comes into the big eight-bay garage and gets into one of the cars. He shuts the door, checks that Myra can't see, and takes a huge hit off of his aspirator. He leans his head back and waits to be able to breathe.

**FLASH MEMORY:** The abandoned house has a latticed porch skirt, a section of which has been torn off. Underneath is a dark crawl space.

**FLASH MEMORY:** Eddie, who is badly hurt, clutching his arm to his chest, walks to his house with the other kids.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, his mother MRS. KASPBRAK--a large woman with a strong Eastern European accent--comes rushing off of the porch.

MRS. KASPRAK  
ED! EDDIE! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?!

Eddie shudders. He puts the key in, and starts the ignition. Then he drives.

CUT TO:

EXT. DENBROUGH HOUSE -- NIGHT

On Witcham Street, all the houses are dark but Bill's, which is ablaze with light. Somewhere, a dog is BARKING.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Bill is awake, making preparations. He is setting out five piles of gear on the dining room table, as if for a caving expedition: Water and food, packs, helmets with miner's lamps. He looks everything over.

A floorboard upstairs CREAKS. Bill freezes. A moment later, another CREAK. Someone, or something, is up there.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Bill comes up the stairs, ready for anything. At the end of the hall he can see a light go on in his bedroom. Some kind of SHUFFLING or SNIFFLING sound is coming from inside as well. He goes down to the door and looks in.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, BILL'S ROOM -- NIGHT

The first thing Bill sees are small puddles on the floor, like tracks. He follows them and sees:

There, in the corner, in his little yellow slicker, is Georgie. His face is buried in shadow, but his voice is Georgie's.

GEORGIE/IT  
It hurts, Bill.

Bill doesn't answer at first. He's too fear-struck.

GEORGIE/IT (CONT'D)  
Clown sent me. To tell you something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

You are the clown. You're not my brother.

GEORGIE/IT

Your friends are gonna die, Bill. They're gonna die here in Derry. Where they should have before.

BILL

You think so?

Georgie nods, slowly.

GEORGIE/IT

Clown said. You're gonna get 'em killed just like you did me.

Bill drops his eyes.

GEORGIE/IT (CONT'D)

And you, too. You're gonna get killed tomorrow, too. Clown likes to finish what he started.

His fear is being eclipsed by something just as potent.

BILL

Leave my brother out of this. Show me your face. Your real face.

GEORGIE/IT

Clown says you'll see him tomorrow.

Bill reaches to the bed and grabs a blanket and pillow off it. Georgie is crying hard now, wanting comfort.

BILL

Yes. We'll see you tomorrow. All your fucking faces.

Bill steps out into the hall and shuts the door on this horror. He walks back downstairs with the blanket and pillow, the sound of CRYING echoing after him. There is a loneliness to being this strong, and driven.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. DOWNTOWN DERRY, BANK STREET -- DAY

It is a grey morning in Derry. The big marquee clock above the Derry City Bank FLIPS from 6:59 to 7:00 a.m.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Bill has slept on his couch. He opens his eyes and sees the miners' helmets on the table. Then he remembers and grabs for the phone. He dials.

VOICE ON PHONE

Derry Town House, can I help you?

BILL

This is Bill Denbrough. I reserved some rooms--I just want to make sure everyone got in. Safe.

VOICE ON PHONE

Uh, yes. Everyone's checked in. Last one got in about twenty minutes ago, Sir.

Bill closes his eyes, relieved.

VOICE ON PHONE (CONT'D)

Would you like me to ring any of their rooms for you?

BILL

No no. Let them sleep if they can. --We've got a big day today.

Bill puts down the phone. Only then does he notice: A child's wet footprints are on the floor, coming right up to the couch, left at some recent point in the night.

EXT. CANAL STREET -- DAY

Ben is up already, jogging the foggy streets of Derry.

He runs first alongside downtown's grand stone canal and then up past the elementary school where kids are going inside for class. He slows, REMEMBERING:

INT. DERRY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, CORRIDOR -- DAY

BEVERLY MARSH (11) is at her locker. She opens it and a small note tumbles out. She opens it and reads it quietly so no one else can hear.

BEVERLY

"Your hair is winter fire, January embers. My heart burns there too."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She flushes with warmth and looks around. There are kids all around her, but no one is looking her way. She folds the note back up and puts it in her pocket. She gets her books, shuts her locker, and goes.

Only then do we see BEN HANSCOM (11) watching this from his locker down the hall. His face is sunny, but fat. He is carrying 30 extra pounds on his child's frame. For a moment he smiles.

BACK TO:

The MEMORY fades and Ben continues on.

EXT. KANSAS STREET, UPMILE HILL -- DAY

Ben follows the Kenduskeag Stream out of town. Businesses give way to houses and wooded areas.

Finally, he gets to the bottom of Up-Mile hill. As the road climbs the hill, the land on one side drops off into a wooded stream valley called "The Barrens." It's a steep hill, but Ben's game. He sprints up it, testing himself, and enjoying the test.

When he gets to the top he shakes out his legs and looks around, and then it hits him, giving him gooseflesh. He knows this place. Knows it well. He turns, and gets sucked into a much more powerful MEMORY:

EXT. KANSAS STREET, UPMILE HILL -- DAY

Ben comes up the hill on his way home from town. He is taking the hill slow, PANTING all the way.

When Ben gets to the top of the hill, he stops to catch his breath at the wooden guardrail there. It's a hot, breezy day, and Ben is now dripping with sweat.

IT/PENNYWISE (O.S.)

Cherry, Lime. Orange. Apple, too!

Ben looks around. At the bottom of the hill, just inside the trees, is a clown in whiteface. Ben can barely make him out through the leaves. The clown waves.

IT/PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

Down here! Want a sno-bliz? I got all flavors.

Ben looks suspicious, but can't hide his interest.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BEN  
(calling down)  
What's a sno-bliz?

IT/PENNYWISE  
Maybe you call it a sno-cone?

Ben can't see if the clown really has any shaved ice. Actually, it's impossible to see much at all with all the leaves in the way.

IT/PENNYWISE (CONT'D)  
Come on down and try one! They're gonna melt!

Ben is about to answer back when he is whirled around to find himself face-to-face with HENRY BOWERS, VICTOR CRISS and BELCH HUGGINS (13). These are tough-looking kids all, though Henry Bowers is clearly the leader.

HENRY BOWERS  
Hey, Tits. Enjoying summer break?

BEN  
Henry. What do you want?

HENRY BOWERS  
I want to beat you up.

Victor and Belch grab Ben's arms. Ben looks down the hill for help, but the clown is gone.

HENRY BOWERS (CONT'D)  
Next time somebody asks to look at your spelling test, what are you gonna say?

BEN  
You better quit!

HENRY BOWERS  
Quit? I'm in *summer school* because of you, you fat fuck.

BEN  
I didn't do anything wrong!

HENRY BOWERS  
Pull up his shirt.

Victor yanks up his shirt.

BELCH HUGGINS  
Lookit his titties! *Jesus!*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Henry takes from his pocket a little jack knife and opens it. Ben tries to break free, but they hold him. The wood rail behind him CREAKS.

HENRY BOWERS

I'm gonna make a notch for every day I have to be in that stinkin' place this summer. Maybe that'll help you think.

BEN

Don't--

Before he can say more, Henry flicks the knife on Ben's belly, drawing blood.

HENRY BOWERS

What do you say?

Henry makes another cut, a little worse than the first.

BEN

Ow! I didn't fail you. You failed you.

Henry makes a third notch, even deeper. Tears of anger, and shame, come to Ben's eyes.

BEN (CONT'D)

OW! Okay! Yes! I say Yes! Copy! Whatever you want!

HENRY BOWERS

That's right. Now let's make sure you remember it.

This time he makes a deeper cut. This one really bleeds. Victor and Belch hold him, but they, too, look worried.

Henry isn't stopping. He seems to be enjoying himself. He cuts again, this time Ben yells in real pain.

VICTOR CRISS

Jeez! Don't really cut him!

HENRY BOWERS

Belch, how many weeks are we in summer school anyway?

Ben has to decide. He summons his nerve and throws his weight *backward* against the rail. It CRACKS, but doesn't break, so Ben plants a foot into Henry's stomach and pushes, hard. For an instant, Ben sees shock and pain on Henry's face, then he's falling back through empty space.

EXT. THE BARRENS, UPMILE HILL EMBANKMENT -- DAY

Ben hits the slope hard and does a backward somersault, rolling all the way down to the woods' edge. He comes to a stop, covered in briars. Henry's voice booms overhead.

HENRY BOWERS

I'm gonna fucking *kill* you, you fat shit.

Henry jumps over the railing and starts down the slope, Belch and Victor behind him. Ben bolts into the trees.

EXT. THE BARRENS, PUMP HATCH -- DAY

As Ben runs through the undergrowth, he begins to hear a LOW HUMMING up ahead.

He comes into a small clearing where a wide, three-foot high cement cylinder sticks out of the ground. The words "DERRY SEWER DEPT" are stamped on the iron cap. He tries to push off the lid, but it won't budge, so he runs on.

EXT. THE BARRENS, TREE FORT SITE -- DAY

Ben comes to the Kenduskeag Stream and crosses it in a panic. He's already lost. He stops on the other side to catch his breath and listen. He can hear Henry and the others not too far away.

BELCH HUGGINS (O.S.)

Where the fuck did he go?

HENRY BOWERS (O.S.)

Take the creek. I'll get the road.

Behind Ben, Bill and EDDIE KASPBRAK (11) drop down off a low limb of a big oak tree. Ben whirls around, startled.

BILL

Is that Henry Bowers and those guys?

Ben nods, suspicious. Eddie looks scared.

EDDIE

Bill, let's get out of here.

BILL

You're Ben Hanscom, right? From Mrs. Douglas's class?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL (CONT'D)

(off Ben's nod)

I'm Bill Denbrough. This is Eddie  
K-K-K--

EDDIE

Kaspbrak. Bill, come on. I don't  
want to mess with them.

Eddie's breathing has gotten labored. He takes out an  
aspirator and takes a few puffs off it.

BILL

All right. Follow us.

Bill and Eddie head back into the trees. Ben, hearing the  
older boys drawing close, has no choice but to follow.

EXT. KANSAS STREET, CULVERT -- DAY

Ben follows Bill and Eddie to the concrete bridge on  
Kansas Street. Bill has stashed a moped under it, out of  
view. It's barely more than a bike really, built out of  
spare parts, even wrong parts, and painted matte silver.

He pushes it up the embankment and climbs on.

BILL

(to Ben)

All right, n-now you.

Ben looks at him, then at the bike.

BEN

Are you nuts?

EDDIE

Someone's coming.

BILL

She's solid. C-c-ome on.

Ben climbs behind Bill. The bike's tires sag, but holds  
them. Down the road a little ways, Henry Bowers climbs up  
out of the Barrens.

HENRY BOWERS

HERE! HE'S UP HERE!

Eddie climbs onto the package carrier behind Ben, facing  
backward. Back the other way, he sees Victor climb up  
onto the road, Belch right behind him. They're trapped.

BILL

Keep your feet up and hold on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bill launches them forward and pedals like crazy to get the motor to start. They look ridiculous, the bike veering wildly, barely staying upright. Finally, the motor REVS and Bill yells:

BILL (CONT'D)  
Hi-yo Silver! Away!

He aims the bike toward Henry and GUNS it. Henry does not veer off course and a game of chicken begins.

BEN  
Holy Craaaaaaap!

Only at the last second does Henry dart to the side. He makes a grab at Eddie, but misses. He runs after the bike, and appears to be gaining. So Eddie empties his pockets, throwing everything he finds at Henry--gum, coins, and his aspirator which bonks off Henry's brow.

Henry shouts after them, but the bike has started down Up-Mile Hill--the boys all screaming and laughing now.

EXT. KANSAS STREET, UPMILE HILL -- DAY

Ben stands at the top of Up-Mile Hill, **beside a furious Henry Bowers, watching the boys, piled three-deep on the moped like circus monkeys, speed off toward downtown.** Then Bowers is gone and Ben is alone. He shakes his head, flabbergasted by the intensity of this memory.

CUT TO:

INT. ORONOKA DINER -- DAY

The Oronoka Diner is bright and welcoming--a long, tin-ceilinged room with photos from Derry's history on all the walls. Bill can be seen through the front windows, parking. He comes in, briefcase in hand, and sees the others waiting for him.

They are all sitting around a big table way in back. **For a moment, Bill sees them as they were the summer of '85.** As soon as this image congeals, it fades.

He walks up. The moment is a little formal, but then Richie leans back in his chair and says:

RICHIE  
How long you been waxing your  
head, Big Bill?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And then everyone is laughing and getting up to hug him.

BILL

You're so full of shit, Tozier,  
you squeak going into a turn.

CUT TO:

A CONVERSATIONAL MONTAGE shows everyone eating and catching up in a wide-ranging conversation:

BEN

I went on the "This or a Shotgun" exercise program and started running. Everywhere. Since college. Seven days a week, rain or shine.

EDDIE

It's small, just 10 employees. I started it with my wife, Myra. It was her idea. I need to call her. For all I know she could be in bed with Al Pacino right now.

BEVERLY

Dressmaking. You couldn't get me to put on a skirt as a girl and now I'm designing wedding gowns. Big, girly wedding gowns.

BILL

Your CNN communications tower in New York, Ben. I looked at it and realized, it's just a glass version of the Standpipe.

BEN

It's amazing what stays with you.

RICHIE

And what doesn't. --So far, I don't recognize half of what I've seen in this town. 27 years, man.

This statement gives Bill pause. But then Ben says:

BEN

Trust me. You will.

Another round of drinks comes and, when the waitress leaves, Beverly holds up her glass. Everyone joins her.

BEVERLY

To us. To the Losers Club of 1985.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They clink glasses and drink. When they put their glasses down the mood has shifted.

BEN

All right, Bill. We're here. I guess it's now or never.

Bill looks at each of them, takes a breath, and begins.

BILL

In January, a boy named Frederick Cowan went missing. 15. He'd run away before, so, although there was a search, everyone expected he'd come home.

Bill just shakes his head.

BILL (CONT'D)

Then, five weeks later, the Hawn twins, Sean and Nick, ten years old, disappeared right out of their bath. No forced doors. No broken windows. No suspects. Then Cherie Terrault, 14, went in March. Last seen by the canal.

BEVERLY

Anyone connect this back to '85?

BILL

No. At least not publicly.

(beat)

I'd kept tabs on all of you over the years. Thank God for the fucking Internet. But I held off calling. I wish I hadn't. But I needed to be absolutely sure before I disturbed your lives.

RICHIE

So what did it for you?

BILL

Jerry Bellwood. A fifth-grader. Disappeared two weeks ago. He was found off Kansas Street yesterday, near where I used to hide my bike when we were in the Barrens. He'd been torn apart.

They take this in. Ben shivers. He was just there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RICHIE

Could it have been an accident?  
Maybe he was hit by a car, thrown  
down there--

BILL

A little *memento* was put with the  
body. Something meant to scare me.  
A little paper boat, like the kind  
I made my brother the morning he  
was killed. Maybe the same boat. I  
couldn't get close enough to see.

BEVERLY

"Georgie."

Bill nods.

EDDIE

(gently)  
Lots of little boys make paper  
boats, Bill. I doesn't mean it was  
the same one, or even related--

BILL

He came to see me last night, all  
right? It's happening. It's real.  
And if you're going to be of any  
help to me, I need you to believe  
that, really let it in.

A beat as they digest this.

BILL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. It's just-- You're  
talking about this like it's open  
to interpretation, just like all  
the adults did back then. They  
rationalized all of the *peculiar-*  
*ities* until they went away.

(beat)

I mean don't you *remember* all the  
crazy shit It pulled?

A beat.

BEVERLY

I have to be honest, Bill. I'm  
glad I'm here, and I want to do  
what I can to help, but I only  
have pieces. Some of it seems like  
something I dreamed, and maybe it  
is. I don't have any kind of big  
picture.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (4)

The others nod.

BEN

You remember a lot, Bill?

BILL

I never left. I see all these same places every day. I see the same names on mailboxes. I shop at some of the same stores. I've kept the circuit open, so to speak.

(beat)

And I think to the degree I remember it, it remembers me. The current runs both ways.

RICHIE

I don't like the sound of that.

EDDIE

So why now? After what, 30 years?  
I don't get it.

Bill opens his briefcase and takes out a large binder. They gather around it. He opens to a series of photos:

The first is from the 1950s. In it, some kind of autocade makes its way down Main Street surrounded by members of a marching band and majorettes. In the crowd on one side of the street, visible behind a row of kids, is a clown.

BILL

This was taken in 1957. Seven kids were killed that year. That was also the year Mason Bolinger set fire to the Baptist school. 11 kids died. He said in court a man on the radio told him to do it.

The second photo he shows them is from the 1920s. Several bodies lie in the street. On all the side-walks, hundreds of locals crowd to see.

BILL (CONT'D)

1929. The Bradley Gang, gunned down by the police. Look here--

CLOSE ON: On the second story of a beer hall, a clown can be seen in a window leaning out. He is hoisting a beer.

BILL (CONT'D)

Ten kids missing or killed that year.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BILL (CONT'D)

The last one was on the day the  
Bradley Gang was shot down. Got  
buried in all the headlines.

The third photo shows blackened timbers sticking up at  
angles around the charred husk of an exploded factory.

EDDIE

Kitchener Ironworks.

BILL

Yeah. 1902. Easter Sunday. Over a  
hundred people were killed in the  
explosion. Eighty-two were kids,  
there for an Easter egg hunt.

BEN

How far back does this go?

BILL

As far as I can find records.  
Every 26 or 27 years, a spate of  
child killings ending in some kind  
of grisly climax. Then nothing.  
Until the next rotation.

BEVERLY

So you were expecting this.

BILL

I'd hoped It was done. That we'd  
killed it. But I waited, just in  
case.

BEN

But none of us must have been  
sure. Otherwise why would we have  
promised to come back.

BILL

I made you promise.

BEN

Why?

BILL

We'll get to that.

(beat)

So now It's woken up from its  
little nap and I'm still here. And  
I remember. And now I've brought  
you all here. And you're going to  
remember, too. We'll start there.  
Level the playing field.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

EDDIE

You think that's a good idea? I mean if what you're saying is true I'd kind of rather It didn't remember me. At all.

BILL

Then you won't be able to fight It. I brought you back here to help me kill It. Go back to its place and kill It.

The groups takes this in. Some look doubtful.

BILL (CONT'D)

If I thought I could do this alone, I never would have called you. I don't know about you, but I can't wait another 27 years to be done with this. And I'd bet none of you can either.

RICHIE

We survived, Bill. Okay, we didn't kill it, but we survived.

BILL

That how you feel. You're surviving? And that's good enough?

EDDIE

What's-- What are you saying?

BILL

I'm saying it's worse than that. You're not surviving because it's never stopped. You might have forgotten what happened when we were eleven, but it doesn't mean It's forgotten you.

(to Ben)

Ben what were you most afraid of back then?

BEN

That I was unlovable. Because of my size, because I couldn't stop eating.

BILL

And now?

EDDIE

Look at him. He's an Adonis.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

BILL

Sure, he's not overeating every day, but he's running. Every day since college. The "This or a Shotgun Diet." That doesn't sound very happy to me..

(to Ben, sincerely)

What do you see now when you look in the mirror, Ben? Do you see what we see? Or do you still see something less kind?

Ben looks uncomfortable with where this is going.

BILL (CONT'D)

Beverly. What about you?

BEVERLY

Bill--

BEN

Easy, Bill.

BILL

Your father, right? He used to beat the shit out of you. And if I had to guess, I'd say the guy you married--what's his name--?

BEVERLY

(acidly)

Tom.

BILL

Tom reminds you every now and then of your old man. I hope the comparison stops there, but it wouldn't shock me if it didn't.

RICHIE

Come on, Bill. You're being cruel.

BILL

What about you, Richie? How's life in L.A.?

RICHIE

Don't go there.

BILL

Eddie?

EDDIE

I get the point.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

BILL

So you can come here and say you're here to save some kids' lives, or maybe even that you're doing it to help mine. And those are good reasons. But let's be honest. Your lives are at stake here, too.

BEVERLY

So how does that help us?

BILL

My point is that It has been around for a long long time. It's shaped us, but we've shaped It as well. And I think if we want to kill It, we have to cut off the power we give It by letting it exploit our fears.

(beat)

I think It's going to try to scare you real bad today, even --hurt you.

(beat)

All I can do is try to make you mad enough to stay and fight. Because we'll never be free of It, otherwise.

BEVERLY

"Pennywise." That was It's name.

Everyone looks chilled by this.

BILL

(beat)

So go, open up the circuit. Move around town and jog it loose. I suggest you pair up. You have a whole summer to try to remember.

RICHIE

(as *Butch Cassidy*)

"The way I see it, we either fight or give. And the next time I say let's go someplace like Bolivia, let's go someplace like Bolivia."

Eddie just shakes his head.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

You've never seen 'Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid'?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

BILL

Fill him in. Ben, go with Beverly.

BEVERLY

But where are we going? This is happening a little fast--

BILL

The Barrens, your houses, the library, downtown, the school, Gedreau's, Costello's, take your pick. Follow your memories, and keep moving. Except for the sewers. No one go down there yet.

BEVERLY

That's where we ended up. We fought It down there, didn't we?

BILL

And that's where it ends tonight. For good.

RICHIE

We're really gonna have ourselves some chucks this time.

EXT. ORONOKA RESTAURANT -- DAY

They come outside and start putting on their jackets.

BILL

The library closes at 7. Meet me there at 7:30 sharp. If any of us is late, we'll take that to mean there's been some trouble.

(beat)

And just remember, the more you let It in, the more you can fight It, all right. So let It in.

BEN

Bill. Your brother-- last night. What did he say? Anything?

A beat. Bill decides how much to tell them.

BILL

He said "it hurts."

They look at one another, getting ready for anything.

## DERRY AFTERNOON MONTAGE:

1. Another of the city's banks has a street clock. It flips to 11:48 a.m.
2. The local McDonald's advertises its new Happy Meal.
3. A half a foot of water runs in the canal, disappearing into the dark under Front Street, where three city blocks cover the canal over before it merges with the Penobscot River on the other side of town.

## INT. CAB -- DAY

Richie and Eddie have jumped in a cab. The CAB DRIVER (50) is an old Mainer type.

CAB DRIVER  
Where to gentlemen?

Eddie looks at Richie, unsure, but Richie knows.

RICHIE  
There's a street that dead-ends at  
the trainyard. You know it?

The Cab Driver starts driving.

CAB DRIVER  
Neibolt Street.

Richie's skin crawls.

RICHIE  
That's it. #29.

CAB DRIVER  
You lookin' for a house?

RICHIE  
Yeah. I mean maybe. I don't know  
if it's still standing.

CAB DRIVER  
Ain't no houses out there. Ain't  
much of a train yard either. Not  
anymore.

EDDIE  
What's there now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAB DRIVER

Another goddamn construction project. Pardon my French if you're religious types.

(beat)

The mayor's got the zoning board paid up like high-class whores.

EXT. NEIBOLT STREET -- DAY

The cab turns onto Neibolt St, which now runs along one side of a huge construction project. Diggers and backhoes are tearing up the ground on one end while a foundation is being laid at the other.

Eddie and Richie get out and walk to the edge. Richie points to an anonymous section of construction where a big hole has been cleared.

RICHIE

It was right there. We almost died in that house. I told you about it up in the tree fort, remember?

EDDIE

The tree fort! In the Barrens.

RICHIE

The day Ben helped us fix it up. You were there, too. That's when I told you about #29.

Eddie REMEMBERS.

EXT. THE BARRENS, THE TREE FORT -- DAY

Eddie, Ben, and Bill have climbed up into a tree to survey the remains of an old hunting blind. This is the same tree by the stream Eddie and Bill dropped out of. Some of the structure is intact, but other parts of it have rotted away. Ben inspects it carefully.

EDDIE

We found it last week. Bad, huh?

BEN

The beams are fine. It's just the floorboards, and this one corner needs to be lifted.

BILL

This thing must weigh a ton.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BEN

You need a pully. Then you can  
haul it up and chock it in place.  
Then you'll be golden.

BILL

You mean "w-we."

BEN

Huh?

BILL

W-We. We can.

Ben looks moved to be included.

CUT TO:

The boys have brought tools and wood. They strip the rotten floorboards out and lift the corner of the frame to a level height. Ben chocks it into place.

RICHIE (O.S.)

(as a Southern Gent)

Look who it is now, Big Bill, Eds,  
and Ol' Haystack Calhoun!

They all look down and see RICHIE TOZIER (11) peering up at them from the forest floor. Ben freezes up a little.

BILL

Don't w-worry. It's just Richie.  
He wanted to help.

EDDIE

Beep Beep, Richie.

Richie climbs up.

RICHIE

(as Mr. T)

*You better watch out, fool, or you  
gonna meet my friend Pain.*

BILL

Meet B-Ben Hanscom, our engineer.

Richie shoots a hand out to Ben.

RICHIE

Richie Tozier's my name, voices is  
my game.

He pumps Ben's hand. Eddie looks at him in mock-disgust.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EDDIE

The best part of you ran down your  
father's leg.

RICHIE

But look how much good stuff there  
was left!

WORK MONTAGE: The boys hammer floorboards, square the  
ends, and before long, they have a tree fort that would  
be the envy of any kid under twenty.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

This is fucking Bubbalicious! A  
club house. A real club house.

EDDIE

Bowers will never find us up here.

BILL

Ben, you're amazing.

Bill slaps Ben on the back. Ben goes crimson with pride.

EDDIE

So what's our club?

RICHIE

Well, if it's gonna be full of  
dweebs like us, it's gonna have to  
be The Losers' Club.

A CONVERSATIONAL MONTAGE suggests the wide range of sub-  
jects discussed up here. They lie there surrounded by  
summer leaves and bird song. Someone's brought up a bean  
bag chair and a checkerboard.

BEN

It's a double feature. Gremlins  
and The Goonies. Who's in?

RICHIE

Eddie, who would you rather screw?  
Madonna or Ally Sheedy?

EDDIE

The trick is algorithms. You have  
to learn the algorithms and then  
it's a piece of cake.

RICHIE

Okay. Bill. Sharon Stone or what's-  
her-name from Top Gun?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BEN

We had class together this year.  
I'm not gonna tell you who she is,  
but she's really pretty. And nice.  
And super pretty-- Did I say that?

BILL

My mom used to p-practice with me,  
rhymes and stuff, but I never got  
it r-right. I'll always stutter.

BEN

Ask her to practice again.

Bill just shrugs. Finally, Richie says, in an odd tone:

RICHIE

Can I tell you guys something?  
If you laugh, I'll never hang out  
with you again. I mean it.

BILL

G-go on, Richie. We got your back.

Richie looks unsure, but plunges in.

RICHIE

You know Neibolt Street? Where all  
those old houses are by the train-  
yard--?

CUT TO:

EXT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET, YARD -- DAY

Richie stops his bike in front of #29 Neibolt Street. A  
bag half full of bottles hangs off his mirror.

RICHIE'S VOICE

A couple weeks ago, I was out  
there looking for Coke bottles--  
for the deposit money.

#29 is a squat grey bungalow abandoned like others on  
this street. It's windows stare, like dirty blind eyes.  
It has a latticed porch skirt, one section of which has  
been torn off.

Underneath, Richie can see glinting. Bottles maybe.

He crosses the yard and crouches at the opening. There is  
indeed a bunch of bottles far back, almost to the founda-  
tion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sunlight comes through the gaps between the porch floorboards laying strips of light over everything. From the discarded blankets and trash, it looks like someone might use this space to sleep out of the rain.

INT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET, UNDER THE PORCH -- DAY

Richie crawls under a few feet to try to reach the bottles. He catches the edge of one and it slips away. He reaches in further, just as:

What he thought was a blanket suddenly rolls over. It is a MAN, his face lost in shadow. Richie screams. When he speaks, it's with a pleasant, almost effeminate voice.

BOBBY GREY/IT  
You got a cigarette, kid?

RICHIE  
Sorry. I was looking for bottles.

Richie instinctively starts backing up.

BOBBY GREY/IT  
Wait wait. You want bottles, I got bottles. I got six or seven back here. Just sittin' back here.

RICHIE  
Don't you want 'em? You get five cents for 'em down at Costello's.

BOBBY GREY/IT  
You're sweet. No, you take them. That means you'll have 30 cents to spend on something.  
(beat)  
You can get a lot of things for 30 cents.

The man starts pushing bottles toward him. Richie reaches out, but pulls back when the man says:

BOBBY GREY/IT (CONT'D)  
Heck, for thirty cents, you can get a hell of a good blow.  
(quietly)  
You know what I mean by that, kid?

Richie shakes his head.

BOBBY GREY/IT (CONT'D)  
It's okay. You're a kid. Every kid's gotta learn, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Richie is becoming afraid. He glances behind him and is shocked to see how far under the porch he has crawled.

When he turns back, the man has sat up, part of his face in the light. He's an older man with red cheeks and salty beard stubble. He has remnants of lipstick, or some kind of facepaint around his mouth. The corner of his mouth looks crusty, herpetic.

BOBBY GREY/IT (CONT'D)

It's like floating, Richie. You'll like it.

Richie turns. Did he just use Richie's *name*?

RICHIE

How do you know who I am?

BOBBY GREY/IT

We all know about you. We gotta stick together. Guys like us.

The Man winks. Richie looks ill. He begins backing away.

RICHIE

I gotta go.

BOBBY GREY/IT

How about a dime. Keep the rest. I'll do you for a dime. Look--

Richie hears a ZIPPER UNZIP. He bolts. It begins crawling after him. As It crawls forward, through the strips of light, his face shifts. It has small blue darts around his rheumy eyes.

BOBBY GREY/IT (CONT'D)

You don't hafta pretend, Richie!  
Not down here--!

EXT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET, YARD -- DAY

Richie comes flying out from under the porch, but It grabs his leg to pull him back under. He SCREAMS.

BOBBY GREY/IT

And that's why the party's down here, Richie! You'll like it down here. Some of your friends are here--

Richie SCREAMS again, trying to grab grass, anything to keep from being pulled under. But he's losing his grip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, Richie looks back at It and shouts:

RICHIE  
(from Scarface)  
*I ain't no pansy! I'm Tony  
Montana, freak! You fuck with me  
you fuckin' with the best!*

A HISS comes from under the porch and, all at once, Richie is able to pull out his leg.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
(from Scarface)  
*You wanna play rough? Say hello to  
my little friend!*

And Richie throws his bag of bottles right in It's face.

It HISSES again, injured somehow by all of this. Richie sprints toward his bike.

EXT. NEIBOLT STREET -- DAY

Richie jumps on his bike and starts pedalling.

IN HIS REARVIEW MIRROR: Richie can see It come after him, swinging into view out into the middle of Neibolt Street. Its wearing a filthy sharkskin suit and stained white cotton gloves, and circus-big lipstick, looking like someone's worst notions of what constitutes gay attire. On his head, thin clumps of orange hair.

HOBO/IT  
Come back, Richie! Bring your  
friends! Bobby does it for a dime,  
he'll do it anytime. 15 cents for  
overtime! That's me, Bobby Grey!  
Pleased to meet-cha!

But Richie has gotten control of his bike and is speeding away, tears of terror on his face.

BACK TO:

Up in the tree fort, Richie finishes his story. All the boys' mouths are open. Eddie blasts off on his aspirator, startling them all.

EDDIE  
It was probably some drunk living  
under there. You're lucky he  
didn't touch you and give you some-  
thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL  
You didn't d-dream it?

RICHIE  
It was *real*! It happened. It was  
gonna kill me.

Richie tears up again. Bill puts a hand on his shoulder.

BEN  
It? You think it was some kind of  
monster or something?

RICHIE  
It knew my name. How could It know  
that?

BEN  
I thought you said It didn't say  
anything to you.

RICHIE  
(covering)  
Just my name.

EDDIE  
Look, no offense but I'll eat fish  
and I'll eat meat, but there's  
just some shit I will not eat.

In town, the AIR RAID SIREN does one spin.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
That's the curfew. Crap.

BEN  
Wait. It knew *my* name, too.

Richie looks up, his face wet with tears. They all do.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Last week. Right here in the  
Barrens. The same guy. He was try-  
ing to get me to go down to him.  
For an Icee.

RICHIE  
If you're kidding, say so. I still  
have nightmares about that thing.

BEN  
I thought he was from the circus,  
though, 'cause of the clown suit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BILL  
(with new intensity)  
What suit?

BEN  
He was wearing gloves and a silk  
suit with big orange buttons down  
the front.

RICHIE  
Mine had gloves, too.

EDDIE  
You guys must have seen the same  
bad movie on TV--

BILL  
(with force)  
No. That's him.

They all look at Bill, hearing the fury in his voice.

BILL (CONT'D)  
I didn't know what I was looking  
at at the time, but that's him.  
(beat)  
That's the f-fucker who killed my  
brother.

EXT. NEIBOLT STREET -- DAY

Richie finishes telling Eddie the story.

EDDIE  
Where was Beverly?

RICHIE  
We didn't know her yet. I mean we  
knew her from school-- but we  
didn't know It'd gone after her,  
too.

The Cab Driver HONKS the horn and leans out the window.

CAB DRIVER  
You're past thirty on the meter.

RICHIE  
(to Eddie)  
It played tricks. That's how It  
worked. It was nice until it got  
you within reach, then it pounced.  
Scared you stiff and pounced.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Eddie thinks, then calls to the Cab Driver.

EDDIE

What are they building here? Do you know?

CAB DRIVER

Yeah. Some kind of entertainment complex. Pitch n' Putt, Batting Cages. You know, for the kids.

Eddie looks at Richie. This could not be worse news.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASSEY PARK -- DAY

Ben and Beverly have opted to go on foot. They come to the bottom of Bassey Park and start climbing the hill to the top, where the Standpipe looks out over downtown.

BEN

Bill wanted to go back to Neibolt Street right then to look for It, but we had to head home because of the curfew.

(beat)

We were supposed to meet at noon the next day. Eddie and I were running late. And that's when we saw you.

(beat)

Right on that bench. You'd been crying.

Beverly sits on the bench. Ben sits next to her.

BEVERLY

I remember that. The night before, I'd been at home with my father getting ready for bed.

(beat)

Oh, Ben. I don't want to go into all of this.

BEN

It's why we're here.

BEVERLY

Yesterday, I was just doing my thing, living my life. I was doing fine. Bringing all this stuff up, it's just--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN

This isn't just about us.

BEVERLY

I know.

BEN

And you're not alone this time.

She blots the tears out of her eyes and continues.

BEVERLY

My mom wasn't back from work, yet,  
and I was having a problem-- a  
girl problem.

She shivers, REMEMBERING.

**INT. MARSH APARTMENT, BATHROOM -- NIGHT**

Beverly is standing on the toilet reaching up to a high shelf in the bathroom. Sounds from the COP SHOW her father is watching drift in from the other room. Finally, she pulls down her mother's box of panty shields.

She takes a fresh one and, as surreptitiously as possible, exchanges it for the one she's wearing under her nightgown. She takes the used panty liner and stows it at the bottom of the trash can, under the trash, to hide it.

When she straightens, A VOICE comes up out of the drain.

VOICE/IT

Help me.

Beverly freezes. The drain hole is pipe-dark.

VOICE/IT (CONT'D)

Help me, Beverly.

It is the voice of a young boy. Beverly glances out the bathroom door. Her father is focused on the TV. Beverly looks back at the drain and says, quietly:

BEVERLY

Is someone there?

VOICE/IT

We all want to meet you, Beverly.

Beverly tilts her head closer to the drain, trying to hear better. Her braid brushes the bottom of the basin by the drain hole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEVERLY

Who? Who are you?

VOICE/IT

Matthew Clements. The clown took  
me down here and pretty soon he'll  
come and take you. Pretty soon!

She leans down a little more and realizes: the end of one ponytail has slipped into the drain. She quickly pulls it back and--for a split second--it looks like fingers--gloved finger-tips, appear in the drain, try to latch onto her hair. Then the drain is dark again.

VOICE/IT (CONT'D)

You'll float down here. We all do!

The voice breaks up in a wet burp. Then it begins changing genders, ages:

VOICE/IT (CONT'D)

I'm Matthew. I'm Betty. I'm Veronica. I'm Georgie. We're down here.  
Down here with the clown. And you!  
We're down here with you! We  
float. We *change*!

(beat)

We're coming, Bev! O we're coming!

And with that, a gout of blood belches from the drain and spatters the mirror. Beverly screams. Another gout heaves up and splashes on the cheap wallpaper. Beverly runs out.

INT. MARSH APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

When Beverly runs in, Mr. Marsh is already climbing out of his recliner, startled by her screams.

BEVERLY

Daddy! In the bathroom!

Mr. Marsh pushes past her and rushes to see. Beverly waits for him to react, but he just says:

MR. MARSH

Beverly. You come in here.

INT. MARSH APARTMENT, BATHROOM -- NIGHT

The bathroom is small and her father is a big man. It is a frightening image, her father standing surrounded by the blood. He turns to face her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. MARSH

You've got three seconds to explain yourself.

Beverly is trying to understand what is happening. *Does he not see?! Three seconds go by, so he slaps her. Hard.*

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)

You scared the hell out of me. I was watching TV in there. I don't interrupt you when you're at your homework, do I?

BEVERLY

But--

He slaps her again, this time harder. It knocks her back. Her eyes tear up, but only from the sting. Clearly being struck by this man is not something new to her.

MR. MARSH

I worry about you. I worry a lot.  
(beat)  
Now finish up in here before your mother walks in and gives us Hell.

He walks out, leaving her alone again.

EXT. BASSEY PARK -- DAY

Ben and Eddie are hurrying through Bassey Park. They pass Beverly, who is sitting on a bench. She's been crying. Mortified, Ben keeps walking. But Eddie's too nice a kid to let it go. He turns to go back. Ben grabs his arm.

BEN

Let's just go--

EDDIE

What's wrong with you?

Eddie goes back to where Beverly is sitting.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Is everything okay, Bev?

BEVERLY

What--? Oh. Eddie. I'm just-- You headed to the movies or something?

EDDIE

Nah. We're going tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEVERLY

What's playing? Anything good?

Ben is standing back a few feet, nervous. Somewhere in town, CHURCH BELLS begin to ring NOON.

EDDIE

Shoot. Bev-- We really gotta go.  
The guys are waiting on us.

Suddenly, Beverly is on the verge of tears.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

What did I say?!

BEVERLY

It's not you. It's just-- If I  
don't show somebody I'm gonna go  
nuts.

INT. MARSH APARTMENT, KITCHEN -- DAY

Beverly leads Ben and Eddie through her back door. They listen to the silence for a moment.

BEVERLY

My Dad would kill me if he knew I  
brought boys home.

EDDIE

Why?

Ben punches him in the arm. Beverly leads them down the hall to the bathroom. When she opens the door, it's like opening up a slaughterhouse.

INT. MARSH APARTMENT, BATHROOM -- DAY

The blood is still spattered on the walls where it has dried, untouched. Some of it has been scrubbed at--hard by the looks of it--but is still there.

BEVERLY

Do you see it? Do either of you  
see it?

Ben steps forward and points.

BEN

Here. Here. Here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

It looks like somebody killed a pig in here.

BEVERLY

I tried to clean it, but I didn't want to touch it.

EDDIE

Your folks couldn't see it?

She shakes her head.

BEVERLY

I don't know how I'm ever gonna come in here alone again.

Ben thinks. He gets up his courage and says:

BEN

Maybe we could help. Clean it up, I mean. Maybe we couldn't get it all off the wallpaper--it looks sorta on its last legs--but we can get rid of the rest.

Ben nods. Eddie, too. Beverly looks quite moved.

LATER:

They scrub the bathroom. Little by little, the blood disappears. Beverly looks nauseated, but with the boys' help, she's getting through it.

Finally, Ben changes the light bulb over the sink. All that's left is a meaningless pink smear on one wall. Eddie looks over everything with a critical eye.

EDDIE

It's the best we can do, I think.

BEVERLY

I don't know how to thank you.

Ben sticks out his hand.

BEN

You don't have to. Welcome to the club.

BEVERLY

What club?

EXT. BASSEY PARK -- DAY

Beverly sits, recalling this, tears on her face.

BEVERLY

When Bill found out I'd heard his brother's voice along with all the other kids, he wanted to kill It. Right there. With his bare hands.

BEN

But we all agreed to help. *That* was the real club, I think. We tried to figure out how--

(laughs)

We went to the library. Remember? Got books on witches and werewolves and stuff. All we could come up with was *silver*.

Beverly laughs at this.

BEN (CONT'D)

Bill wanted to use his father's gun, make bullets for it. But we settled on his slingshot.

BEVERLY

Five kids with two bucks between them suddenly needing a half pound of sterling silver.

They laugh. A beat. Beverly's smile fades.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

It wasn't fair, really, was it?

(beat)

We were eleven. And instead of sleep overs and roller skating, we were training ourselves for battle.

BEN

We'll help him. He deserves that. And we'll help ourselves. Okay?

CUT TO:

EXT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, FRONT PORCH -- DAY

Audra is coming up Witcham Street. She stops briefly outside of Bill's house, and then starts up the walk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She rings the bell and, after a moment, Bill answers. He looks intense, keyed up.

AUDRA  
I'm sorry. I should have called.  
But I was walking by. --Freddie  
said you were taking a sick day.

She tries to look past him, but he blocks the gap.

AUDRA (CONT'D)  
You don't look sick, Bill.

She waits to be asked in, but Bill just stands there.

AUDRA (CONT'D)  
Can I come in?

Bill looks about to protest, so she says:

AUDRA (CONT'D)  
Five minutes. Please. There's just  
something I want to say.

He lets her in.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Bill gestures to the sofa and sits opposite her.

AUDRA  
How long have I lived in Derry?

BILL  
You started at the library in-- It  
must be two, three years now.

AUDRA  
Three. Three this May. I like it.  
I like my little house. I like liv-  
ing in this town. It's a lot bet-  
ter than where I grew up.

Bill remains stone-faced.

AUDRA (CONT'D)  
The only thing I wonder about from  
time to time is that I haven't  
gone out seriously with a guy  
since I moved here.

BILL  
Audra--

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

AUDRA

I mean, the only really nice dates  
I ever went on here were with you.

A beat.

BILL

This isn't really a good time.

AUDRA

We had fun, the bedroom part was  
good--

She blushes. This isn't easy for her.

AUDRA (CONT'D)

Three dates. We went out three  
times, and then it was like there  
was a gag order over it.

BILL

Actually, Audra, it's a really bad  
time for this.

AUDRA

That's what you said the last time  
I brought this up.

BILL

This time I mean it.

A beat. Audra looks at him, a little hurt.

BILL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm not trying to make  
you feel bad. Those really were  
nice times. I'm just not good at  
this.

AUDRA

At what? Dating? --Talking?

BILL

Any of it.

AUDRA

Okay. That's fair. But you did say  
you wanted to be friends. Now did  
you mean that?

Bill becomes aware that behind her, at the top of the  
stairs, Georgie is sitting there, listening. Bill can  
just see his little rain boots on the top stair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GEORGIE (O.S.)  
(muffled)  
*Bill!*

Bill flinches, but Audra doesn't notice.

AUDRA  
Because friends talk to each other, Bill. When they have problems. And you are good at talking. Actually, you're the only man I've ever met who talks slow. I guess you think about what you want to say--

BILL  
I used to stutter.

AUDRA  
Oh. I didn't know.

GEORGIE (O.S.)  
*Bill--!*

BILL  
That's why I talk slow.

Audra sees he is shaking a little. And he can't keep from looking over her shoulder at the stairs. She turns to look, but nothing is there.

AUDRA  
Bill, what's happening? To you.  
Right now.

BILL  
You should probably go.

His tone, his energy, all of it has gotten so weird, all in the space of a minute. Audra looks at him, confused.

AUDRA  
I want to help--

BILL  
I don't n-need-- help. I'm good.

AUDRA  
I know about your brother, Bill. I know about George.

BILL  
Who told you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AUDRA

I'm a research librarian. I looked it up.

(beat)

So you can tell me you don't want to talk, or that you'd like to be left alone, but please don't tell me nothing's wrong, Bill.

Georgie stands and begins slowly walking down the stairs. An odd CRINKLING sound begins.

Bill stands.

BILL

Look, I ap-preciate your dropping b-by, but--

AUDRA

I didn't mean to make you angry.

BILL

I'm not angry. I'm j-just--

Bill glances up and sees: Georgie is in his slicker, with the hood up, but his head is wrapped in old newspaper. His breathing is CRINKLING the paper over his mouth. It is a hideous sight.

GEORGIE

BILL! It's HERE! He's HERE!

Bill looks back at Audra, pleading with his eyes. Finally, he gets the words out.

BILL

C-C-Can you please go!?

But then Georgie scratches a hole in the paper and starts to peel it back. Bill just catches just a glimpse of blood and shattered teeth and that's enough for him.

BILL (CONT'D)

Go go go.

Audra looks at him, confused, scared, and hurt. She gets up, is about to say something.

GEORGIE

(screaming)

BIIIIILLLLLL!!!

BILL

GO!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

As she hurries out, she sees, on the dining room table:

AUDRA'S POV: Four piles of gear have been neatly laid out as if for a camping expedition. Beside them is a HANDGUN in the middle of being cleaned. *What in the world?*

She hurries out, slamming the door behind her.

EXT. DENBROUGH HOUSE -- DAY

Audra is hurrying toward the street when she can hear in the house behind her, Bill yell, then there is the sound of something BREAKING, SHATTERING:

BILL (O.S.)  
LEAVE MY BROTHER OUT OF THIS!

She hurries on, tearing up, understanding none of this.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERVIEW PSYCHIATRIC CENTER -- DAY

On a meadowy bank of the Kennebec River, a set of modern buildings sits far back from the road.

EXT. RIVERVIEW PSYCHIATRIC CENTER, YARD -- DAY

The buildings make up a hospital compound, but the architecture mimics the gabled roofs and high-windowed walls of traditional Maine farm buildings.

At the far end of a sunny yard overlooking the river, a man sits in an Adirondack chair looking at nothing. He's in a hospital track suit and his head is shaved. This is HENRY BOWERS (41), and the years between have not been kind. His affect is flat, he's medicated, or both.

He dozes off for a moment, but when he opens his eyes, he sees, at the edge of the woods: A child is standing there watching him.

Henry sits up a little in his chair, confused. When he looks again, the child is still there.

It is not just any child, it is his old friend Victor Criss standing there, still eleven, and dead. His skin is soggy and pale, and part of his head is caved in.

VICTOR CRISS/IT

*Henry.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRY BOWERS

Vic?

Victor grins in the sunlight.

VICTOR CRISS/IT

*I used to hit homers down at the  
lot behind Tracker Bros. You remem-  
ber that?*

Henry's trying to understand, but he can only do so much.

EXT. RIVERVIEW PSYCHIATRIC CENTER, PATIO -- DAY

Two of the hospital's ORDERLIES look out at Henry. They see him talking, but cannot see Victor.

ORDERLY #1

He hasn't been sleeping. Night-  
mares, for the last few weeks. And  
they've been getting worse.

ORDERLY #2

Well, he shouldn't be in the sun  
like that without a hat.

ORDERLY #1

I'll take one out to him when I  
bring his lunch meds.

EXT. RIVERVIEW PSYCHIATRIC CENTER, YARD -- DAY

Henry cringes as Victor comes closer.

VICTOR CRISS/IT

*I hit one so hard once, Tony  
Tracker said that ball would've  
been outta Yankee Stadium.*

HENRY BOWERS

What are you talking about?

VICTOR CRISS/IT

*I don't belong here. You know I  
don't.*

Henry's finally realizing he's not hallucinating this.

HENRY BOWERS

You died. There's nothing I can do  
about that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTOR CRISS/IT  
They're back, Henry. All of 'em.  
Back in Derry. Right now.

HENRY BOWERS  
Derry?

VICTOR CRISS/IT  
You could be there in a few hours.  
You could hitch a ride.

**FLASH MEMORY: The Losers' Club standing with rocks in their hands, looking powerful.**

VICTOR CRISS/IT (CONT'D)  
Back then, you couldn't even catch  
that fat boy. Couldn't catch that  
faggot. You ever think about that?

Henry doesn't answer.

VICTOR CRISS/IT (CONT'D)  
They got out. They did college.  
They make a lot of dough, Henry.  
They don't take pills out of paper  
cups, I'll tell you that.

HENRY BOWERS  
Why are you here?

VICTOR CRISS/IT  
We can get 'em back. You used to  
like that sort of thing, remember?

Henry's eyes go vague. Victor's have begun to shine.

VICTOR CRISS/IT (CONT'D)  
These people here. They don't know  
what you're capable of.  
(beat)  
But you do. You know what I'm talk-  
ing about?

Henry nods.

VICTOR CRISS/IT (CONT'D)  
You want to do it again?

INT. RIVERVIEW PSYCHIATRIC CENTER, PATIO -- DAY

Just inside the patio doors, Orderly #1 is fixing a small  
tray with medications. She chooses a key from the ring on  
her belt and locks up the medication cabinet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She grabs a sun hat from the shelf there, and turns to go outside. But Henry is there, right behind her.

ORDERLY #1

(smiling)

Henry! You can't be in here--

HENRY BOWERS

It's time.

ORDERLY #1

Time for what? Your pills are--

But he grabs her throat, pressing on her Adam's apple with his thumbs. She fights, but when she is done struggling, he lays her on the floor and whispers:

HENRY BOWERS

The circus.

Then he takes her keys, and disappears back outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN DERRY, LINCOLN STREET -- DAY

Richie and Eddie pay the driver and get out downtown, in front of the pharmacy.

EDDIE

I'll just be a minute.

RICHIE

Take your time. This was your church, not mine.

Eddie nods and goes in. Richie wanders a little, looking for things he recognizes. When he cuts across the street, though, he glances down Bridge Street and sees: A block away, a red balloon is tied to a sewer grate.

Richie freezes. The balloon is perfectly innocuous. People go about their afternoons around it. He glances toward the pharmacy, then back at the balloon. It bobs gently in the breeze.

INT. CENTER STREET DRUG, ENTRANCE -- DAY

Eddie comes into the drug store to find a larger chain has bought it out. It is now stripped of any small-town charm it ever had. A cashier, bored, reads a magazine. Eddie heads back toward the pharmacy.

INT. CENTER STREET DRUG, PHARMACY COUNTER -- DAY

When Eddie (11) comes up to the pharmacy counter, the pharmacy assistant RUBY (20), greets him. The pharmacy is decked out for the 4th of July.

PHARMACY ASSISTANT

Hey Eddie.

He hands her up a prescription sheet, then he wanders over to the comic book rack and gives it a spin. On the covers are superheroes, monsters, sea creatures, demons. After a moment, he wanders back over to the counter as Ruby is bagging up his new aspirator.

RUBY

What do you use this stuff for, anyway?

EDDIE

It's medicine. For my asthma.

RUBY

I mean, it's not really *medicine*. I don't even know why we stock it back here. But if it helps--

EDDIE

What do you mean? I have a prescription.

RUBY

I know. It's weird. I don't know why Doctor Handor does this.

She takes out the box.

RUBY (CONT'D)

Look. Hydrox Mist. Hydrogen and Oxygen. "Use as necessary." That's just water.

She looks at the label.

RUBY (CONT'D)

Water, and a little camphor for flavor. That's it.

Eddie takes the box and looks at it. This doesn't make any sense. Suddenly, a voice startles them both.

MR. KEENE

*Ruby.*

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

They both look. Mr. Keene the pharmacist is standing in the door of his office, listening to this. He's watching Eddie closely.

MR. KEENE (CONT'D)

Give Eddie his bag.

RUBY

I was just--

MR. KEENE

Do it.

Eddie looks at the box and back to Mr. Keene.

EDDIE

If this isn't medicine, then what do I have, Mr. Keene?

MR. KEENE

Your mother calls it asthma.

EDDIE

What do you call it?

MR. KEENE

Maybe you should talk with her about this.

Eddie watches this exchange from a distance, pained by the memory of it.

EXT. BRIDGE STREET -- DAY

Richie walks to the red balloon and looks around. In a moment, he sees: There is another balloon, a blue one, a block further, near the canal. He hesitates, but there are people all around--shopping, finishing their lunch hours. So he goes.

When he gets to it, he sees a third balloon, yellow, out in the dead middle of one of downtown's bridges. He goes.

This spot has a perfect view of Front Street where the canal goes under downtown. He is a block away, where one might take a postcard shot of it. There are no more balloons in sight. He lingers for a moment, and is about to turn back when: There is movement under the bridge.

A lone BOY (6) walks out of the darkness under Front Street, in ankle-deep water. He comes out and stands at the opening of the tunnel, and watches Richie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Richie glances around, not sure if this is really happening, or if it's something only he can see.

In the tunnel, another little BOY, comes out. This boy is wearing a romper suit, not of this century.

Suddenly, dozens of children come out of the darkness and stand in front of the tunnel. Some climb up to the low shelves of the piers, arranging themselves as if for some macabre class photo. More children come. Soon there are a hundred or more kids standing there across the wide entrance of the underground tunnel, all watching Richie.

The traffic on the bridge, all the pedestrians along the canal, all of it goes on, as normal.

And then, like some Liberace-esque Master of Ceremonies, It appears as Pennywise the Dancing Clown, climbing out of the dark with awful grandeur on leg and arm stilts and a grotesque cape. It notices Richie, locks eyes with him across the stretch of canal. Richie can see the hideous leering smile is as much blood as greasepaint. Pennywise has been feeding.

IT/PENNYWISE

Look who's back in town! I've been  
waaaaaiting for *this*!

And with that, It begins galloping toward him, fast, on It's stilts, like some horrible spider.

Richie, holding back a scream, instinctively steps back and is sideswiped by a car. The car isn't moving fast, but it has to slam on its brakes. Richie rolls a dozen feet on the pavement, but springs right back up.

It has made the bridge and climbed half up it, rearing up over Richie and all the cars.

IT/PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

*BEEP BEEP, RICHIE!*

INT. CAR -- DAY

Richie's staring up in horror at... nothing.

DRIVER

What the hell's he doing?

EXT. BRIDGE STREET -- DAY

Richie yells up at It, weakly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHIE  
We're gonna kill you!

IT/PENNYWISE  
Kill me? KILL me? You can't even  
kill yourself, Trashmouth.

And with that, Pennywise slams one of his stilts down at Richie's head. Richie rolls out of the way and it CRACKS on the pavement.

IT/PENNYWISE (CONT'D)  
Oops! Was that a secret? So many  
secrets! Well, I'll tell you what.  
I'll do it for ya if you're still  
so inclined.

And It slams a stilt down at Richie again, barely missing his head. Richie bolts.

IT/PENNYWISE (CONT'D)  
I'LL DO IT FOR YA! Hell! I'LL DO  
IT FOR FREE!

INT. CAR -- DAY

The driver watches as Richie sprints back the way he came, barely missing another HONKING car.

EXT. DOWNTOWN DERRY, BRIDGE STREET -- DAY

Richie gets off the bridge and out of sight of the canal. He whips out his cell phone to call and warn the others.

CLOSE ON: Richie's cell phone screen reads "KILL YOU KILL YOU KILL YOU KILL YOU KILL YOU KILL YOU..."

EXT. DOWNTOWN DERRY, ALLEY/COSTELLO AVENUE -- DAY

Eddie slams out the pharmacy door and across the intersection where he goes down the alley toward home.

EXT. GEDREAU'S DELI -- DAY

When he emerges at Costello Avenue, he runs right into Henry Bowers outside Gedreau's Deli. Eddie freezes.

HENRY BOWERS  
Look who it is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Out the market door behind them come Belch Huggins and Victor Criss. There is a moment of horrible tension, then Eddie tries to run, but Henry darts forward and grabs the back of his shirt and swings him back into the alley.

EXT. ALLEY -- DAY

Eddie falls on his face on the dirty pavement, the wind knocked out of him. Henry pounces on him, cranking Eddie's arm behind his back. Eddie yells in pain. Victor and Belch crouch down next to him.

EDDIE

You're hurting me--!

HENRY BOWERS

You got it.

Henry pulls up Eddie's arm even harder.

HENRY BOWERS (CONT'D)

This is for helping that fat fuck.

Eddie is almost hysterical, anticipating the agony.

HENRY BOWERS (CONT'D)

This is for laughing at me.

Henry yanks even harder and there is a clear CRACK. They all hear it. Eddie's face pales as the break registers. Eddie has a flat-on-the-pavement view of the sewer grate a few feet from them. Through his tears, he can see: Pennywise is there, laughing silently into its hands, as if at a magic show. It gives Eddie a dainty wave.

Suddenly, a man's voice startles all of them.

MR. GEDREAU (O.S.)

Stop that now! Let that boy up!

It's MR. GEDREAU (55), a moment too late, standing in the mouth of the alley in his long white apron. He comes over and actually pulls Henry up by the arm. They stand face-to-face.

MR. GEDREAU (CONT'D)

I don't hold with bullies. I don't hold with three against one.

Victor and Belch look away in shame, but Henry does not.

MR. GEDREAU (CONT'D)

You get your backpacks and go--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Henry does the unthinkable. He shoves Mr. Gedreau, hard. The man falls backward, landing on his ass on the sidewalk in front of his shop.

MR. GEDREAU (CONT'D)

Why you--

But Henry takes a step forward. Even though he's only 13, they are fairly matched.

HENRY BOWERS

Get inside.

While everyone is focused on Mr. Gedreau, he starts getting up, trying not to cry out from the pain in his arm.

MR. GEDREAU

I'm calling the police.

When Henry takes a step toward him, Eddie bolts. He runs past Henry and Mr. Gedreau and out into Kenduskeag Road.

HENRY BOWERS

GET HIM!

EXT. KENDUSKEAG ROAD -- DAY

Eddie runs until he sees a turnoff leading down into the Barrens. He looks back. They're catching up. Henry whips something at him--a small, smoking ball. It EXPLODES a few feet behind him. Eddie runs faster.

EXT. DERRY GRAVEL PIT -- DAY

Bill, Ben, Beverly, and Richie are in the gravel pit, practicing with Bill's slingshot. They've set up a line of soda cans. It's Beverly's turn. She lines up her shot and lets fly. The can goes skittering across the ground.

BILL

That's four for four.

Ben picks up the can and sees Beverly's shot has torn a hole right through the aluminum.

RICHIE

Lucky shots.

BILL

That's four more than y-you got.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHIE

My hands were sweaty.

BEN

Your aim is sweaty.

Beverly lines up her next shot and is about to fire when they hear: a BOOM somewhere in the Barrens. Then there is a BIGGER BOOM. They all look back toward the dump. Bill looks alert, like a deer scenting trouble.

BEVERLY

Was that a gun?

BILL

M-80, I think.

BEN

Bev, you b-better go back to the fort for a while. Just in c-case.

BEVERLY

Shit on *that*, Ben Hanscom. Shit all over that.

EXT. DERRY TOWN DUMP -- DAY

Eddie runs across the dump and into the woods on the other side. The track forks and he takes the downhill side. He's gasping for air now, wearing down.

EXT. DERRY GRAVEL PIT -- DAY

Eddie comes around the corner to find he is at the back fence of the gravel yard. There is a wire gate, but it's locked, so he begins up it.

He can hear FOOTFALLS coming up behind him. He's just about to climb over the top when Henry grabs his foot.

HENRY BOWERS

Here it comes, fucker!

Eddie yanks his foot up. His sneaker comes off in Henry's hand. But before Henry can grab him again, Eddie pistons his bare foot back down on Henry's nose, breaking it.

Henry falls back, hands over his face. Eddie loses his balance and falls down the other side.

An astonished beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Blood is running between Henry's fingers, but when he lowers his hands, he is grinning at Eddie. They face each other through the fence.

EDDIE

You broke my arm!

VICTOR CRISS

You broke his fucking nose!

EDDIE

I didn't want to do that! Just stop it!

HENRY BOWERS

You think I'm gonna stop now? I'm never gonna stop now.

EDDIE

You're crazy, you know that?!

Henry starts up the fence. Eddie turns to run and finds himself facing Bill, Richie, Ben, and Beverly. They're all standing there with rocks in their hands.

BILL

Leave him alone, Bowers.

Henry slows, then drops back on his side of the fence, where there are no rocks to speak of.

HENRY BOWERS

What the fuck is this, freak?

(looking at everyone)

And look! The fag and the fatboy are here, too. That your girlfriend, fatboy?

BILL

We're through taking your shit. Get out, n-n-now.

HENRY BOWERS

You stuttering freak--

Henry starts up the fence. Bill does not flinch. He throws, with force and accuracy, a rock that tags Henry's exposed knuckles. Henry cries out, stunned.

HENRY BOWERS (CONT'D)

Vic, Belch-- COME ON.

Bill says to the Losers, without pleasure:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BILL

Make it hurt.

They throw rocks at such a fast clip, many bounce off, but enough go through.

The older boys are driven right off the fence. Henry lands and immediately pops a match on another M-80. He throws it over the fence right at Ben.

Ben sees it coming and slaps it, like a badminton birdie, right back through the fence at Henry. Henry's eyes widen and it explodes, blackening his shirt. Henry screams.

HENRY BOWERS

You fucking dirtyfighter!

BILL

You g-get out of here now or we're gonna put you in the h-h-hospital.

HENRY BOWERS

For a fucking runt like him?

BILL

For a friend. Now GO.

HENRY BOWERS

This isn't Portland, Denbrough.  
It's Derry. I can be everywhere!  
You understand me?! Everywhere!

Humiliated and furious, Henry stalks back the way they came. The others follow. Only Belch turns back and says:

BELCH HUGGINS

You're gonna wish you hadn'ta done that, kid.

The five of them stand watching the older boys leave. Eddie's wheezing and his arm is swelling up, discolored. He cradles it against his heaving chest.

INT. DERRY HOME HOSPITAL, WAITING AREA -- DAY

Bill, Ben, Beverly, and Richie sit in the hospital's waiting area. When Mrs. Kaspbrak comes out to speak to the admissions nurse, they all go up to her.

BILL

How is he, Mrs. Kaspbrak?

Her eyes narrow.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MRS. KASPBRAK

Eddie's sleeping. He's heavily medicated, for the pain. I don't think he'd like to see you.

BILL

That's okay. We can come back.

MRS. KASPBRAK

I don't think so.

They look at her, not sure they've heard correctly.

MRS. KASPBRAK (CONT'D)

Street fighting. My Eddie, street-fighting. And they put him in a hospital! Thanks to you! Well I've talked to him and he agrees. He doesn't want to see you anymore. My son is done with you. Done!

BEVERLY

Mrs. Kaspbrak--

MRS. KASPBRAK

Don't you dare! Don't you dare talk back to me!

She has raised her voice too much. The receptionist rolls her eyes and begins heading her way.

INT. DERRY HOME HOSPITAL, EDDIE'S ROOM -- DAY

Eddie is at the window, in a cast, looking down at Hospital Road. He can see Bill and the others walking back toward town. Behind him, his mother comes in.

MRS. KASPBRAK

Eddie! You should be resting.

He does not reply, but merely turns and gets back in bed. Mrs. Kaspbrak rushes over.

MRS. KASPBRAK (CONT'D)

You've had a serious accident! You need to lie down this second and let us take care of you. How else do you expect to feel better?

(beat)

Eddie, are you hearing me?

EDDIE

You sent my friends away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He says this with clear, hard eyes. It's not a question. Mrs. Kaspbrak lowers her energy.

MRS. KASPBRAK

Yes. I sent them away. You don't need any visitors right now. And you don't need visitors like that ever. If it hadn't been for them, we'd be home watching TV right now.

EDDIE

My friends didn't break my arm. Henry Bowers broke my arm. If I'd been with my friends it never would have happened.

A beat. It's clear from her reaction that this is a new kind of chat for the Kaspbraks. She smiles thinly.

MRS. KASPBRAK

That boy broke your arm because your "friends" crossed him somehow. Now do you think that would have happened if you'd listened to me and stayed away from them in the first place?

EDDIE

No. I think something even worse might have happened.

MRS. KASPBRAK

You don't mean that.

EDDIE

I do too. Bill and the rest of my friends aren't going anywhere, Ma. And when you see them again you're not gonna say a word to them.

Mrs. Kaspbrak stares at her son, truly shocked.

MRS. KASPBRAK

This is how you talk to your mother now, I guess.

She looks at Eddie full of sorrow, waiting for him to react to her teary eyes. But he doesn't. She whispers:

MRS. KASPBRAK (CONT'D)

Eddie, you hurt me so much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EDDIE

I love you, Ma. But I think you're making yourself cry.

MRS. KASPBRAK

They're bad friends, Eddie! I know that. Just looking at them!

EDDIE

Ma--

MRS. KASPBRAK

You don't do any of the things you did last summer. And that girl. I know the mother and there is something wrong in *that* house.

EDDIE

Ma, stop it!

MRS. KASPBRAK

It's all 'Ben Hanscom' this and 'Beverly Marsh' that. They're all you ever talk about any more!

A beat. She's said too much, and they both realize it. She stands and finds her purse.

MRS. KASPBRAK (CONT'D)

I'll come back. You're irritated because you're in pain. But you'll see I'm right. You think it over and ask yourself if your Ma ever told you wrong before. You think about that.

She leaves him. The door clicks shut behind her. Eddie looks to his bedside table where his aspirator sits, his mother's "medicine." All lies. But he grabs it anyway and plugs it into his mouth. He begins to cry.

EXT. CENTER STREET DRUGS -- DAY

Eddie comes out of the pharmacy, looking actually sick for once. He steps into the street and sees Richie sitting on a stoop, bruised and shaking.

EDDIE

There's no stopping this now, is there?

Richie doesn't answer. His panicked look is his answer.

EXT. NEIBOLT STREET -- DAY

Bill and Ben, riding double on Silver, pull up to where the others wait for them at the entrance to Neibolt St. The morning is hot and still.

Bill looks at Eddie, so broken and small in his cast.

BILL

You got the silver, Richie?

He pulls out of his pocket his mother's hideous silver earrings. Bill gives them to Beverly, who empties practice rocks out of her pockets and puts them in.

Eddie inhales on his aspirator. He's about to put it away when Richie says:

RICHIE

Hey. Gimme some of that.

Eddie looks at him, surprised, waiting for the punchline.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

No fake, Jake. Can I have some?

Eddie hands it over. Richie takes a wincing pull on it, and coughs, but his face is serious and no one laughs.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Needed that.

BEN

Me too. Okay?

Richie passes it to Ben who then passes it to Beverly. Finally Bill gives it back to Eddie. Then they start riding down to #29.

EXT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET, FRONT PORCH -- DAY

Bill crawls under the porch first, then Beverly and Ben, then the rest. Bill makes his way over to the cellar window and peers inside, on high alert.

BILL

Cover me, okay?

Beverly nods. Bill slips through the window, disappearing into the dark.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beverly hands the slingshot to Ben, folding his hand over the cup containing a silver earring.

BEVERLY

Give it to me the second I'm down.  
The *second*.

She slips through the window easily. He hands down the slingshot and then begins through as well. Ben pushes with both hands, and forces his butt through, but then his stomach hitches up.

EDDIE

Hurry up!

RICHIE

Suck in, Haystack! Or we're gonna have to call Triple A.

BEN

(through his teeth)  
Beep beep, Richie. --Bill, can you guys pull me?

INT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET, CELLAR -- DAY

He is yanked through the window and comes down hard onto the cellar's dirt floor. Ben gets up and brushes the dust off his butt.

RICHIE (O.S.)

Hey-- Eddie needs help, okay?

Eddie comes through on his back, his cast held close to his chest. Bill and Ben help him while Beverly covers the stairs with the slingshot.

EDDIE

Watch what you're doing. I'm ticklish.

When they get Eddie down, Richie follows quickly. They look around the cellar, but it's empty.

BILL

Uh-upstairs.

INT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET, KITCHEN -- DAY

They emerge into a dirty kitchen. Everyone is ready for horror. Beverly sweeps the room with the slingshot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One straight-backed chair sits marooned in the center of the warped linoleum. They can hear rats squeaking behind the cupboards. The light up here is weird--a combination of the brownish haze coming through all the dirty windows, and something else, some queer aspect of the house.

One of the cupboard doors is hanging precariously off of one hinge. All of a sudden, it drops to the floor, flipping over in the process. Beverly screams and swings in that direction, ready to fire.

BILL

BEV NO!!!

Beverly stops, the shot unfired. She looks at him, pale and terrified. The cupboard door has landed, backside up, tilted against the sink. On the back of it is a bull's-eye drawn in rusty water, or blood. They all look at it.

EDDIE

It's playing games. Like at the carnival. It wanted you to fire.

BEN

That slug would have gone right back into all that rotten plaster. We never would have found it.

RICHIE

*Come one come all! Here on Neibolt Street everyone has a ball!*

Bill leads them further into the house.

INT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET, FRONT HALL -- DAY

They come down the front hall with its peeling wallpaper and stacked up old magazines. A steady DING-DING-DING of a locomotive running on a siding can be heard.

BEN

Is it me, or is this house bigger on the inside?

It's true. The hallway seems wider and longer than one would expect.

Eddie and Richie glance at some of the magazines stacked along the wall and see they are old 1950s soft-porn mags. The women on the covers are all in sexually uninhibited positions--bending over chairs, lying on shag rugs, in baths. Moisture has seeped into all of the pages, giving the ladies ripply yellow skins.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, the women begin winking at them from their different covers, all down the hall. Eddie and Richie exchange a look and keep moving.

At the front door, they can see the front yard and Neibolt Street.

BEN (CONT'D)

Hey. Where are our bikes--?

THEIR POV: Something is wrong. Their bikes are not there, it's true, but the lawn is also different. It's mowed. A few men in coveralls heading to work at the train yard. A handful of cars parked along Neibolt St. None is older than the 1950s.

BEN (CONT'D)

What is this?

Eddie is looking behind them.

EDDIE

There--

They turn and see: The house around them seems to be experiencing a temporal change also. Like the cold currents in a warm lake, there are streaks of different time periods visible around them. In one, the house is deserted and decrepit. In another, it is spotless and new. In still another, just piles of dirt.

They can hear a man HUMMING and then see him, at the top of the stairs, walk into a bathroom soaping his face for a shave.

BILL

A funhouse. That's all. Come on.

INT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- DAY

Bill comes up the stairs. Beverly is behind him, sling-shot up. The stairs come up to one end of an upstairs hall. There are two doors here and one at the other end.

One door here is open to a tiny bedroom which must have been a child's. Elves caper on the peeling wallpaper. At the other end, the door is missing altogether, showing a room empty but for a bare mattress lying on the floor.

That leaves the one closed door. Its dirty white porcelain doorknob beckons.

BILL

Th-there. Where that man w-went.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Richie and Eddie come up, wide-eyed, behind them. Bill crosses toward the door, Beverly covering him. As she does, she glances into the child's bedroom and sees the elves on the wallpaper. Each one has nails driven through its eyes. Hundred of nails.

BEVERLY

Bill--

But Bill already has his hand on the door. He pulls it open, hinges SQUEALING, revealing:

A bathroom. Empty. The window has been covered over with newspaper, making it dimmer than the hallway, but they can see the whole place has been wrecked. Shards of porcelain lie like rubble. In one corner is an exploded toilet. The tank is leaning against a wall. The bowl is gone leaving only a black drainhole visible. The rosy wallpaper all around the room has been pocked with chips of porcelain like shrapnel.

They come in, feet gritting on broken porcelain and look at the obliterated toilet.

RICHIE

That must have been the grand-daddy of all dumps.

This gets everybody chuckling. But in the middle of their laughter, Ben is the first to hear it, a low SCRAPING noise. It seems to be coming from inside the house, maybe inside the room. Now Bill notices. He looks at the drainhole and sees it is vibrating:

BILL

Everybody-- It's coming--!

And then something explodes out of the drainpipe.

At first, it is a silvery-orange shifting shape--not ghostly, but solid. Then it locks into place and hovers over them--crowding the room--Pennywise the Clown in all his brightly-colored, arcane glory.

BILL (CONT'D)

Shoot it, Bev! Shoot it!

It has one foot still in the drain hole and pivots around glaring at all of them until it finds Beverly. She takes aim and lets fly the first silver earring--

And misses. It punches a hole in the plaster just behind Its grinning head. It makes a face of mock chagrin.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

IT/PENNYWISE

That's not very friendly-wendly!

Then It pistons out a hand and knocks her into the wall.

She falls to the floor amid all the smashed porcelain, already trying to dig the second earring out of her pocket. Ben immediately steps between her and It.

IT/PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

You want it, fat boy?

It rakes him with its claws, sending him staggering backwards, already bleeding. He stumbles and falls into the dusty bathtub. Bill jumps between them, a big shard of porcelain in his hand.

BILL

No!

He buys Beverly an extra moment by winging it at Pennywise's face. Pennywise simply catches it in his mouth like a dog would catch a treat.

IT/PENNYWISE

Yummy!

Richie jumps behind it and rips down what's left of a tattered vinyl shower curtain. He yanks it over Its face and pulls, blinding it. It rears back, throwing a fist at Richie, who barely ducks out of the way.

RICHIE

SHOOT IT, BEV!

It flips Richie over Its shoulder and onto his back with force, knocking the wind out of him.

IT/PENNYWISE

Beep beep, Richie.

Then It swings Its grinning face back up to Beverly, just as she puts more ammo into the slingshot's cup.

BEVERLY'S POV: In the wishbone site of the slingshot, she sees Its grinning, yellow smile and fires.

The shot hits It in the cheek, right beside Its nose, opening a gouting bloody hole. It screams in a mix of pain, surprise, and rage. Freshets of blood drain down Its silken placket, drenching its orange pom-poms.

BILL

Again! Beverly, shoot it again!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Beverly looks to Bill. Pennywise wavers, about to strike.

BILL (CONT'D)

Keep 'em coming! Go on, fast!

Then Beverly understands the ruse. She pulls back the slingshot again. It's empty, but not visibly so.

EDDIE

Kill it! Don't let it get away!

BILL

Blow it out of the world, Bev!

It flicks its eyes at Beverly, then around at all of them. They look so confident, so strong. It tilts and drops back toward the drain, quickly losing its shape, and then is gone. They can hear it railroading back down under the house, under the town.

The house settles back into one place in time, snapping back to the here and now. It's now just a forgotten house where hobos and winos sometimes sleep out of the rain.

EXT. THE BARRENS, TREE FORT -- DAY

They are all up on the tree fort platform. Ben has his shirt off and Beverly and Eddie are cleaning his cuts. Ben's wounds are ugly, but not very deep. Bill is brooding hard, looking at nothing.

BEN

Ouch! Come on!

EDDIE

You just faced off a voodoo clown from the sewer. Who knows what it has under its --fingernails.

Beverly glances out at the tree canopy around them.

BEVERLY

It'll want us more than ever now.

BILL

But we scared it. I mean we went to one of its places, its stations above ground. It didn't drag us there. We went, together. Kids don't normally do that.

BEN

You wanna go back to Neibolt St.?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

I'm not sure It'll be there. It  
can't surprise us there anymore.  
We have to find It where it lives.

Richie and Eddie exchange a look.

BILL (CONT'D)

I think it has something to do  
with the sewers, under the city.  
We've all seen it close to some  
kind of drain, right? And I've  
been rereading all the stuff from  
the papers about the kids It kil-  
led. All of 'em were found near  
drains and sewers.

EDDIE

Ben saw it from Up-Mile Hill--

BEN

But it was near one of those  
pipes, the ones with the caps on  
'em. They're access hatches for  
sewer pumps. I bet they connect  
with the whole system.

In the very far distance, SUMMER THUNDER RUMBLES.

BILL

That's it, then. That's where we  
go next.

BEVERLY

My dad says those sewer tunnels go  
on for miles. New ones mixed up  
with old ones. He knew a guy whose  
dad tried to map it for the city  
and never came out.

RICHIE

And where are we gonna get more  
silver? I mean how much allowance  
can five of us pull together?

EDDIE

I think my mom still has my baby  
spoon. It looks silver--

BEVERLY

We don't need it.

She digs in her pocket and pulls out *the second earring*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICHIE

What the hell?!

BEVERLY

I found it on our way here. I must have used a stone for my second shot. I had a bunch in there from when I was practicing.

Ben laughs and they all look at him.

BEN

It didn't matter *what* it was we used. We believed it would work, that's all.

BEVERLY

But if I'd known I still had it, I really could've gotten off that third shot--

Ben smiles, proud of her.

BEN

You'll get your chance.

BEVERLY

When?

Ben looks at the sky.

BEN

It's gonna storm, Bill.

BILL

Then we'd better get going.

BEN

I don't think we want to get caught down there if there's a lot of runoff. Think about it--

BILL

We're gonna lose our chance. It's *hurt*, Ben.

EDDIE

I don't want to drown, Bill.

BILL

(losing composure)  
It's down there regrouping right now. I can feel it!

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BILL (CONT'D)

Just help me! Help me do this!  
We're so close--

Bill begins to cry. Richie puts a hand on his shoulder.

RICHIE

Don't worry. We're not gonna  
chicken out. Are we?

BEN

We need supplies--flashlights,  
water, chalk--

RICHIE

Chalk?

BEN

We mark the walls as we go, so we  
can find our way out.

BILL

And grab anything you think can  
hurt it-- anything you believe in.  
Silver, holy water, a peanut  
butter sandwich, it doesn't matter  
as long as you believe.

BEVERLY

Meet back here in half an hour?

They nod. Bill looks grateful to have such brave friends.

EXT. DERRY -- DAY

Derry is going about its business. The electronic clock  
on one of downtown's banks clicks from 3:39 to 4:00.  
Graffiti decorates an alleyway.

INT. DERRY TOWN HOUSE, FRONT DESK -- DAY

The front desk ATTENDANT is going through paperwork, a  
wall of room keys and message boxes behind him. A man  
walks into the lobby, wearing sunglasses. With them on,  
he resembles Beverly's father, Mr. Marsh.

ATTENDANT

Can I help you, Sir?

He takes them off. It is Beverly's husband Tom. He has a  
butterfly bandage over one eyebrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM ROGAN

I hope so. I just drove in from  
out of town and I'm trying to find  
my wife.

ATTENDANT

Oh?

Tom smiles, feigning embarrassment in just the right way.

TOM ROGAN

See, I'm trying to surprise her.  
It's our anniversary. I just don't  
know which hotel in Derry she's  
at. Beverly Rogan. Marsh.

ATTENDANT

Well I can't really give out--

TOM ROGAN

I know. I know. Let's do it this  
way. If she's here, just rent me a  
room next to hers and charge me  
double. I'll pay in cash. Then you  
don't have to say anything. To  
anyone.

The attendant looks unsure what to do. Tom smiles again.

TOM ROGAN (CONT'D)

It would mean the world to her.

EXT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT HOUSE -- DAY

Beverly and Ben walk up to where she can see the apart-  
ment building where she grew up. It's painted dark brown  
now, but there is the window of her old bedroom.

BEN

You sure about this?

BEVERLY

I doubt he still lives here. But  
if he does-- You'll stay, right?  
Even if it gets--

BEN

I'm not going anywhere.

He puts a hand on her shoulder and she caps it with her  
own. Then they cross the street toward the entrance.

EXT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT HOUSE -- DAY

Beverly and Ben come up and she checks the four mailboxes there: BURKE, STARKWEATHER, FRATO and MARSH.

The entrance door stands closed. She goes over to the doorbell, squares her shoulders, and presses it. From somewhere down the hall comes a happy *CHING-CHONG*. All is quiet. She looks around, presses it again. *CHING-CHONG*.

Beverly glances down and sees what looks like a child's fingernail lying there beside the welcome mat at her feet. It could be one of those glue-on nails, but before she can tell, the door opens, startling her.

She looks up, expecting her father, but behind the screen is a tall woman, MRS. KERSH (70s), with white hair and a kind, wrinkled face. She has a thick accent.

BEVERLY

I'm sorry. I meant to ring for Marsh.

MRS. KERSH

Marsh? There're no Marshes in the building. I'm Mrs. Kersh.

(beat)

Unless-- You don't mean Alvin Marsh, do you?

BEVERLY

Yes. My father.

Mrs. Marsh peers more closely at Beverly, at them both.

MRS. KERSH

Why you've fallen out of touch, Miss. You shouldn't hear this from a stranger, but your father's been dead about five years now.

Shocked, Beverly looks back to the mailbox and realizes that the tag she read as "MARSH" actually reads "KERSH."

BEVERLY

You-- Did you know my dad?

MRS. KERSH

A little, I knew him. When I moved into this apartment, he was moving down to the Veterans' Home.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. KERSH (CONT'D)

I used to see him at Costello Market or the Washateria sometimes. Oh you're pale. I'm sorry. Come in, both of you, and let me make you some tea.

BEVERLY

I couldn't.

MRS. KERSH

It's the least I can do for having told you such unpleasant news.

Before she can protest, Mrs. Kersh opens the screen door.

INT. MARSH APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- DAY

They all come inside. Beverly looks around the living room. Everything is different. She visibly relaxes.

BEVERLY

It's so trim and tidy! Lovely.

MRS. KERSH

How kind you are. My little late-life harbor this is.

Beverly takes in the simple, lovely touches Mrs. Kersh has made around the living room. A picture of Jesus hangs on one wall, one of John F. Kennedy on another.

MRS. KERSH (CONT'D)

Look around, why don't you, while I boil the water. It's all right.

BEN

Bev?

BEVERLY

Help her, Ben. I'm just going to look around.

Ben follows Mrs. Kersh into the kitchen, leaving Beverly alone.

INT. MARSH APARTMENT, HALLWAY -- DAY

Beverly comes down the hall and looks into her parents' old room. The change is profound. The bed is laid with a European surprise quilt. An old trunk with initials R.G. sits at the footboard.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Beverly then looks into her old room, which is now a sewing room. She avoids the bathroom altogether.

She comes back to the living room and a memory comes, backing her into a corner, behind a recliner:

**INT. MARSH APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- DAY**

Beverly (11) comes in the front door. She's dirty still from Neibolt Street, her legs a little scratched up. She swings the door closed and doesn't see: Her father is standing behind it. He watches her come in, stand in the middle of the room, and call out:

**BEVERLY**

Mom?

Then he steps up behind her, plants his foot into the small of her back, and shoves her, hard. She goes flying across the living room.

**INT. MARSH APARTMENT, KITCHEN -- DAY**

Ben is sitting at the small kitchen table talking with Mrs. Kersh. Ben watches as Mrs. Kersh prepares a plate of cookies and candies.

**BEN**

You really shouldn't go to any trouble.

**MRS. KERSH**

If you knew how seldom company calls, you'd not say so.

She puts the plate in front of Ben, as well as a tea cup and saucer.

**MRS. KERSH (CONT'D)**

You grew up here, too, with your wife?

**BEN**

Oh, we're not-- married. We're old friends.

**MRS. KERSH**

But, her ring. I saw a ring.

Ben blushes slightly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN

No, she's-- she is married. Just not to me.

MRS. KERSH

Oh. I see.

Mrs. Kersh grins ambiguously, showing teeth that are less lovely than her face. She nudges the plate of sweets toward Ben and goes back to fetch the teapot. Over her shoulder, she says:

MRS. KERSH (CONT'D)

I hope she's having fond memories.  
I'd hate to think your friend is more sad for having come inside.

Ben looks uneasily past her, into the empty living room.

INT. MARSH APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Beverly (11) gets up from where she's been kicked to the floor, looking around wildly. Then she sees her father.

BEVERLY

Daddy, what--?

He starts toward her, biting on his knuckle thoughtfully. She sees he has mud all over his boots, and he's tracking it on the carpet. Black mud. *Barrens* mud.

MR. MARSH

If you lie to me, I will beat you within an inch of your life, Bev.

BEVERLY

I won't lie.

MR. MARSH

You been down in the Barrens with a gang of boys.

A beat. She's cornered and she knows it.

BEVERLY

I play down there somet--

He slaps her, hard and fast. She ends up knocked back against the sofa, looking up at him.

MR. MARSH

I know you been down there. I was told. I didn't believe it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)

Then I seen you myself this  
afternoon. Coming out of the woods  
with 'em. Not even twelve!

BEVERLY

Daddy, we just play! That's all!  
We-- we don't do anything bad.

He kicks her. Beverly scrambles to the side, putting the  
recliner between them, and cowering right where Beverly  
is standing, remembering this.

MR. MARSH

Don't you run from me.

Mr. Marsh takes a swipe at his daughter over the chair  
and tags her across the face. It is adult Beverly who is  
hit. She looks back in shock, now a part of this memory.  
Can her father really hurt her again? All these years  
later?! She screams back at him.

BEVERLY

I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!

INT. MARSH APARTMENT, KITCHEN -- DAY

When Mrs. Kersh comes back to the table and pours the tea  
her eyes seem to have gone a shade more yellow, as have  
her teeth. After she fills Ben's cup, she pops in a cube  
of sugar, then another, then another.

BEN

That's fine, thank you.

MRS. KERSH

You haven't even tried the sweets.  
Go on, *skin and bones*. It won't  
hurt you to eat a bite.

Ben glances down at the plate of sweets. They've begun to  
sweat a little in the heat, the custard peeking out of  
the little eclairs like pus. Ben touches his forehead. He  
too is sweating a little.

MRS. KERSH (CONT'D)

It's warm in here, I know. I've  
had the oven on all afternoon.

Mrs. Kersh takes her tea cup and slurps back her tea in  
one slurping gulp. Her hand has gone a little claw-like.  
The tea smudges her lipstick as well, smudging the cor-  
ners of her mouth with red.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN

If you'll pardon me for a second,  
I just want to check on my friend.

MRS. KERSH

But I haven't fed you at all--

Ben gets to his feet.

BEN

It's not necessary.

Mrs. Kersh waddles over to the oven. Her voice is dropping slowly in tone, now, deepening as she says.

MRS. KERSH

But it is. How else are we going  
to plump you up? I've waited a  
long time for this. This is going  
to be fun.

She opens the oven and the leg of a child hangs out, baked to perfection. Ben wretches.

MRS. KERSH/IT

This is going to be YUMMY in my  
TUMMY!

Mrs. Kersh throws her head back and laughs, growing in size until It dwarfs Ben. The Mrs. Kersh wig slides half off, showing painted white skin beneath.

BEN

BEVERLY! RUN!

Ben tries to run past It, but It shoves him back, hissing between rows of blackened teeth. The walls of the kitchen are now spun sugar, the hanging globe light a big gumdrop.

BEN (CONT'D)

BEV! GET OUT OF HERE!

MRS. KERSH/IT

But it's not a kid's party  
anymore, is it? No more cotton candy  
for you, no more Choo-Choos for  
your Boo-Boos. Cause it's almost  
time to start the big boy rides.  
And you're a very big boy. HONK!

Ben looks for another way out. There's the door beside the stove which leads down the back stairs. He gets it open, but It yanks him back against the refrigerator.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

It grabs the plate of fudge and cookies and begins forcing it into Ben's mouth.

MRS. KERSH/IT (CONT'D)

Where you goin' Benny? Eat up and keep it up. Big bites for big boys!

Ben is gagging and choking on all of the sweet foods. For a moment he can't breathe. It's holding his head and pushing the stuff in. Ben is trying to scream through all the food, but he's truly suffocating now.

MRS. KERSH/IT (CONT'D)

What sweetie? You want more?

He grabs a frying pan off the stove top and whacks It right in the side of Its head, buying him time to spit out all the stuff gagging him and shout:

BEN

I don't EAT this SHIT ANYMORE.

He hits It again and buys himself a moment to slip past It and out the back door.

**INT. MARSH APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- DAY**

**Mr. Marsh corners Beverly behind the recliner. His expression is still blank, empty somehow. It's terrifying.**

**MR. MARSH**

**Plenty of people happy to ruin a pretty girl, Bevvie. Plenty of girls happy to be ruined.**

**Suddenly, he chants, in a high schoolboy voice, like the mocking weirdness of Pennywise:**

**MR. MARSH (CONT'D)**

***A girl who'll run with boys will smoke. A girl who'll smoke will drink. And everybody knows what a girl like that'll do!***

**NOTE: It is the adult Beverly who plays out the rest of this scene, now INSIDE this MEMORY from childhood.**

**BEVERLY**

**I didn't do what you're saying. I never did!**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

**MR. MARSH**

Maybe not. But I'm going to check.  
And make sure.

**BEVERLY**

What?

**MR. MARSH**

Take off your shorts, Bevvie.

Now Beverly understands where this is really heading,  
where it's always been heading, no matter how hard she's  
tried to ignore the signs.

**BEVERLY**

No.

**MR. MARSH**

What did you say?

**BEVERLY**

I said no.

(beat)

Who told you? About the club? Who  
told you we play down there?

**Mr. Marsh takes a step closer.**

**MR. MARSH**

*Beverly Ann--*

**BEVERLY**

Dad-- Was it a stranger? A clown?  
Did he look like a clown?

**A look of surprise, and annoyance, crosses his face.**

**MR. MARSH**

**You leave him out of this.**

Beverly doesn't need to hear more. She tips the recliner  
at him with all her might. While he braces against its  
weight, she breaks for the front door.

She runs out into the hall and through the entrance, but  
she tumbles onto the front walk, knees first. Mr. Marsh  
is right behind her. She gets up and keeps running.

**EXT. MARSH APARTMENT -- DAY**

Beverly comes flying out the door of the building and  
into the street. A woman pushing a grocery cart stops to  
watch her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ben comes running from behind the building. He sees her and has to run for all he's worth to catch up. He finally catches her and she screams, but when she sees it's him, she pulls him into a sobbing embrace.

BEN

It's all right. You're safe. I've got you.

Beverly chokes back tears. She looks back toward the apartment and sees It in the doorway waving good-bye. It recedes back into the dark and the door shuts.

Now she can clearly see: The building is falling apart, a FOR SALE sign in front. This makes her cry even harder. Ben holds her tight.

CUT TO:

INT. DERRY TOWN HOUSE, BEVERLY'S ROOM -- DUSK

Tom is on the bed, in just his jeans and undershirt. He is watching the TV with the sound off drinking the little bottles from the mini-bar. And listening.

He changes channels and finds a program featuring a clown. The clown is smiling to the camera, motioning the viewer closer to the screen. For a split second, Tom and Beverly's wedding photo flashes on the screen.

Tom's eyes widen. *Did he see that right?* It flashes again. Then the clown reappears, looking more serious. Tom leans forward and turns up the sound.

PENNYWISE

Hiya, Meat. Is your refrigerator running? How 'bout your wife?

Tom screws up his face. He's a little drunk, but not enough for all of this to be happening. He looks at the image closer, and that is when Pennywise's eyes begin to pour out light, right out of the television, right into Tom's.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK STOP -- DAY

A pick-up truck loaded with plate glass on side racks pulls up to a rural truck stop and parks beside the gas pumps. The driver gets out and comes inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's Henry Bowers, now wearing the grey coveralls of the glass company driver.

He approaches the counter fumbling with an unfamiliar wallet. Photos of some man and his wife and children are visible for a split second.

HENRY BOWERS

I'll take twenty on pump two.

While the CASHIER rings up the sale, Henry's eyes wander down the long glass counter full of items for sale--belt buckles, trucker hats, hunting knives, a razor.

CASHIER

Anything else?

CUT TO:

INT. BILL'S CAR -- DUSK

Bill is driving to the library. He pulls into the lot and we see, in the car behind him, Audra, following him, looking quite concerned.

CUT TO:

EXT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY -- DUSK

The front entrance of the library is all locked up. The blinds are pulled for the night.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, READING ROOM -- DUSK

Everyone is sitting at one of the big reading tables, looking frayed. Someone has brought a bottle of scotch and it's already half gone.

RICHIE

What about the rest? I don't remember after that. We went after It?

BILL

It got to Henry just like it got to Bev's dad. He came after Eddie and Ben with a razor. Chased us all down there before we were ready.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

EDDIE

The police were looking for him, I remember. Killed his dad, didn't he?

BILL

He tried. Cut him up bad.

BEVERLY

(suddenly concerned)  
Where's Henry now?

BILL

Up in Augusta. In a psychiatric facility there.

(beat)

We brought him out of the sewers ourselves. It did something to him.

EDDIE

Was it bad, Bill? --Wait, forget I asked. Maybe I don't want to know.

BEN

I have this image of-- Some kind of --door? And lights.

Ben tries, but he can't call it up. He gets angry.

RICHIE

Memory Lane ain't such a great address anymore.

EDDIE

Memory Lane? More like the Long Island Expressway.

BEVERLY

Does it even matter? Unless there's something we can use. Against It, I mean.

Bill isn't sure how to answer.

RICHIE

There's something you don't want us to know, isn't there?

The others look scared by this--not mistrustful, just very scared. Bill takes out one of the historical photos.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BILL

Look at this one again. Look hard.  
I want to see if you notice.

He shows them the photo of the Bradley Gang again, a jeweler's loup over Its face. A beat, then Beverly gasps.

BEVERLY

There. Beside It's nose.

(beat)

A scar. From where I hit it at  
Neibolt Street.

BILL

It's in most of the photos.

BEN

How is that possible?

BILL

I don't think time works for It  
like it does for us. Remember #29?  
We saw the past there.

EDDIE

The future, too, I think.

BILL

The closer you get to It, the less  
time --matters.

(beat)

I have a feeling we may see things  
down there, people even, we  
haven't seen in a while.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, UPPER STACKS -- DUSK

Audra, who has snuck in, is sitting on the stairs to the upper stack, out of view, listening to this, trying to make some sense out of what she's hearing. She's hugging her arms, as if she's cold.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, READING ROOM -- NIGHT

Richie shakes his head.

BEN

But what about weapons? I don't  
know that I believe in silver bul-  
lets anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

What about regular bullets? You  
believe in those?

Bill shows them his handgun.

BEN

I do.

Beverly looks at the gun, dumbfounded.

BEVERLY

I need some air.  
(plainly nervous)  
Anyone want to join me?

EXT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, LOADING DOCK -- NIGHT

Ben and Beverly stand on the back loading dock of the library. It looks out across a small lit parking lot next to the children's wing, and then dark woods beyond.

BEVERLY

Going over all of this makes me  
realize how few real friends I've  
made since that summer.

He gestures to her ring.

BEN

What about your husband? He's not  
your friend?

A long beat. It's time to be honest about it.

BEVERLY

Did I ever tell you what my father  
used to say to me when he hit me?

Ben shakes his head.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

"I worry about you, Bevvie."  
That's what he used to say. "I  
worry a lot."

She half-laughs and shivers at the same time.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Tom worries the same way. I mean  
exactly the same way.  
(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Being married to him is like going back into an old nightmare. Why would a person do that? *Choose* to go back into some horrible past?

BEN

People go back to find themselves, I guess.

BEVERLY

My father was-- In many ways a strange man. I loved him, but--

(beat)

I hated him, too.

(beat)

I've never told that to anyone. I don't even know if I've said that out loud before.

BEN

Then say it again.

BEVERLY

He was my Dad, Ben. He worked hard for us.

BEN

Say it again. --Go on. It'll hurt, but it's festered in there long enough. Say it.

BEVERLY

I hated my dad.

BEN

Say it all.

BEVERLY

I was scared of him. He didn't know how to raise a child. A daughter. He didn't have the right-- boundaries. I was always scared what he was thinking, what he was going to do.

(beat)

I was always so fucking scared.

She begins to weep.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

I always thought I'd be someone different. I was supposed to grow up and do great things. We all were. Maybe Bill's right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She gets hold of herself. She wipes her tears.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)  
What about you? Do you have a lot  
of friends, Ben?

BEN  
(quickly, before he  
loses his nerve)  
I love you.

And there, he's said it. After 28 years, he's said it.

BEVERLY  
I love you, too.

BEN  
No. I mean I love you. Since we  
were kids.

A beat. Then she realizes.

BEVERLY  
You wrote that poem, didn't you?  
"January embers..."

Ben doesn't refute it.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)  
You never said anything--

BEN  
How could I?

And underneath Ben's trim, confident exterior, the shy,  
fat, awkward kid is there, visible in this moment.

BEVERLY  
Oh, Ben. You could've! I needed  
all the love I could get back  
then.

She smiles, tears in her eyes. She laughs, happy for the  
first time since their reunion.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)  
And now, too.

She embraces him. He holds her, his face lighting up.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, LOBBY -- NIGHT

Richie and Eddie sit talking under the glass dome.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

All my life, she'd driven into me this fear of pain. When it finally happened--when Bowers broke my arm --it wasn't Armageddon, you know? It didn't end me. In a way I owe Henry Bowers a thank you.

RICHIE

That's the last thing I thought I'd hear any of us say.

Eddie's phone BEEPS with a message. The sudden RINGTONE startles them. Eddie takes his phone out and checks it.

EDDIE

It's from my wife. Excuse me--

Eddie walks off and opens his phone.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, MEN'S RESTROOM -- NIGHT

Eddie comes into the restroom. He pins the phone to his shoulder and steps into one of the stalls to urinate.

MYRA'S VOICE

I've been trying to reach you all day. Why haven't you called!? I'm going out of my head waiting--

EXT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, BILL'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Bill is in his office looking down on Ben and Beverly. They are embracing. He looks on with longing. But something in the parking lot snags his attention.

Something is twinkling out there on the pavement. Broken glass. A window has been broken out of the side door of the children's wing.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, LOBBY -- NIGHT

Richie is getting a drink at the drinking fountain when he hears it, a TAP somewhere in the library. He takes a few steps in that direction, walking away from the rest rooms.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, MEN'S RESTROOM -- NIGHT

Eddie is urinating and listening to what Myra is saying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYRA'S VOICE

You want me to have a heart attack, Eddie? You know how my heart is? You want a divorce? Is that what you want?

(beat)

You want a balloon?

At first, Eddie isn't sure he's heard her correctly. But she continues, her voice deepening.

MYRA'S VOICE (CONT'D)

I've got all the colors, Eddie.  
Blue, green, red, scream. Scream,  
Eddie! Scream! Just try!

Eddie doesn't notice Henry Bowers step behind him. Henry has the straight razor. He lifts it and slices, hard, at Eddie's back. Eddie arches in pain and surprise. He drops the phone. It skitters across the tiles.

PENNYWISE

Howyadoon, Eddie Spaghetti? I  
think you do want a balloon?

Eddie turns to defend himself. It's so much worse when he recognizes who it is. Henry is already on his second slash and Eddie barely has time to put up a hand. The razor sticks in the meat below his pinky finger.

EDDIE

HELP ME!

HENRY BOWERS

Thought you were smart, Kaspbrak.  
Fucking sissies is all you were!

Eddie tries to grab at the razor, but Henry pulls it back fast and swings again. This time it hits Eddie in forearm, cutting through his sleeve and chipping bone. Eddie SCREAMS again.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, READING ROOM -- NIGHT

Richie is standing in the middle of the big main reading room. There are a few more TAPS and then he sees: Drops of blood are hitting the table tops, and open dictionaries, like the first few drops of rain.

RICHIE

Hey guys--?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And then it begins--a SHOWER of BLOOD. Blood runs down between the spines of books everywhere, running out onto the floors in red fans. The roller blinds on all the windows begin to sag with the weight of it.

Ben and Beverly, then Bill, appear at Richie's side. Ben has to raise his voice to be heard over the downpour.

BEN

What is this?!

Finally, Audra, who has heard the yelling, comes down. They see her standing behind them, wide-eyed.

BILL

(to Audra)

Can you see this?

AUDRA

What is this?! Whose blood is this?

She looks terrified. She's shaking. Bill puts an arm around her to steady her.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, MEN'S RESTROOM -- NIGHT

Eddie is bleeding from his hand and arm. Henry has him blocked into the stall, but Eddie rushes him and they slip on the now-bloody floor. Eddie falls too, but it's Henry who cracks his head on the tiles.

Henry is dazed enough for Eddie to crawl away a few feet toward the door. But Henry rolls over and takes a whack at Eddie's leg. He plants the razor into the rubber sole on Eddie's heel. Eddie is able to kick it away from him. Henry goes after it and Eddie is able to get out the door, yelling for help.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, READING ROOM -- NIGHT

But Bill and the others can't hear Eddie.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, REST ROOM CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Eddie gets to his feet. He makes it to the fire alarm mounted on the wall as Henry comes out after him. Henry sees what Eddie is about to do and hesitates. Then he runs for the fire exit. Eddie jams the alarm bar down.



INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, READING ROOM -- NIGHT

The blood stops falling and, suddenly, the FIRE ALARM starts BLARING. No longer distracted, Bill realizes:

BILL  
Where's Eddie?

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, REST ROOM CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Bill and the others come into the lobby and see Eddie sliding down the wall to sit on the floor. There's blood all over him. They rush to his side.

EDDIE  
We have to go. We can't wait--

BILL  
The fire trucks will be here any minute-- We'll get you to the hospital.

EDDIE  
Call off the alarm, Bill. Don't you get it? It's recruiting again. Forcing our hand.

BEVERLY  
Who did this to you?

EDDIE  
Henry Bowers.

BEVERLY  
What?!

Audra is watching all of this in dismay.

EDDIE  
I'd swear to it. It was him.  
(beat)  
Cancel the call, Bill. It's just us. We can't trust anyone now, and we've got to hurry.

Bill turns to Audra.

BILL  
I need you to call the fire department and cancel the alarm. It's important.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL (CONT'D)

Then I want you to go somewhere  
where there are a lot of people  
and stay there until morning.

Audra nods.

AUDRA

Bill--

BILL

Later. I'll explain everything  
later.

(he smiles)

Just go.

And she does. Ben takes off his shirt and starts ripping  
it into strips.

CUT TO:

INT. BILL'S CAR -- NIGHT

Bill drives Eddie's limo, Richie beside him. Eddie is in  
back being tended to by Ben and Beverly. They're doing  
their best with strips of Ben's shirt to bind his wounds.

EDDIE

In my world, they say it's bad  
luck to be driven in your own car.

BEN

Most of these need stitches. I'm  
sure of it.

EDDIE

After. For now, I'll take my  
chances down there with you guys.

BILL

Eddie's right. *High Five*. We all  
need to be there.

EDDIE

Just cover everything real good. I  
mean, you know-- it's a sewer.

BEVERLY

I have a med kit in my room. It's  
little, but it would help. It's on  
the way, Bill--

BILL

It's a risk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ben and Beverly exchange a look.

BEN

Do it.

EXT. DERRY TOWN HOUSE -- NIGHT

Bill pulls up to the inn. Ben and Beverly get out. Bill calls after them.

BILL

Don't stop to talk to anyone. Just  
in and out.

They nod and run inside.

INT. DERRY TOWN HOUSE, LOBBY -- NIGHT

The lobby is empty. Beverly and Ben hurry past the vacant front desk.

CLOSE ON: In the box for Beverly's room, there is a pile of messages, the top one of which reads: "CALL KAY ASAP."

In the tiny room behind the front desk, the ATTENDANT is sitting, distracted, watching a funny clown on TV.

INT. DERRY TOWN HOUSE, 2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Beverly and Ben come into the corridor.

BEN

I have a sweater Eddie can wear.

Beverly heads to one end where her room is, Ben to the other where his is. Beverly lets herself in.

INT. DERRY TOWN HOUSE, BEVERLY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

She comes in and turns on the light. She goes to get the med kit from her luggage and then stops. Something's off. She turns, about to hurry out, but there is Tom.

TOM

Beep beep, Bev.

Beverly takes in breath to scream, but he punches her in the face before she can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hits her so hard, she's knock-ed over the bed and into the space between it and the far wall. She barely has time to cry out before he is on top of her.

He wraps his belt around her neck and pulls it taut. She tries to yell, but he's choking her.

TOM (CONT'D)

You left without saying goodbye.  
That's a no-no.

(beat)

Didn't you know I'd come? I'll  
always come for you, Babe. Don't  
you know that?

Beverly does not have much time left before she blacks out. She feels her way down the electrical cord that's digging into her back until she can grab the lamp at the end of it. She claws off the shade and then she hammers Tom's head with the brass base over and over until she can breathe again.

Ben hurries into the room and hauls Tom up to hit him, but when he sees Tom's face, he puts him down. He hurries to Beverly.

BEN

Are you okay? Talk to me--

Her mouth is bleeding and she has a nasty ring around her neck, but after a moment, she speaks.

BEVERLY

He followed me-- He was gonna kill  
me--

(beat)

Is he--?

Ben reaches for Tom's wrist and takes his pulse. He nods. He takes her face in his hands and tells her:

BEN

This isn't the beginning of some-  
thing, Bev. This is the end of it.  
A good and necessary end. You  
don't have to worry about this  
man, or men like him, anymore. You  
ended it. You got that?

Beverly nods. He smiles.

BEN (CONT'D)

Now come on. We'll deal with this  
later. We gotta go. Out the back.

EXT. DERRY TOWN HOUSE -- NIGHT

Beverly and Ben come around the side of the inn and get in the car. The dark, massing clouds overhead flicker with lightning, like glowing brains.

EXT. KANSAS STREET, CULVERT -- DAY

Ben, Eddie, and Beverly come through the woods to the edge of the Barrens and climb up to Kansas Street. They can hear some kind of SIREN in the direction of town.

They can see Bill and Richie coming down Kansas Street on Silver. When they ride up, Bill beats them to the punch.

BILL

We've been looking everywhere for you-- Henry's lost it.

BEVERLY

Oh my God.

RICHIE

We heard on the radio. The police are looking for him.

BEN

He's here-- He chased us down here. We lost him in the Barrens.

Bill looks around. They all do.

BILL

Then he probably heard my bike.

BEN

It got to Beverly's dad, too. It's forcing a rematch--

THUNDER BOOMS almost directly overhead, making them jump.

RICHIE

We gotta get out of here. Out of Derry.

Everyone looks to Bill. *How?*

But there's no time to answer. Two hundred yards down the road, Henry, Victor, and Belch emerge and climb up out of the Barrens. They see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEVERLY

It's not gonna let us. It's gonna  
make us fight.

BILL

Then we'll fight. But we fight It  
face to face, how we said.

Henry begins toward them, a strange grin on his face.

EDDIE

But we don't have any ammo. Or  
maps! Or flashlights--

Richie holds up a single steel flashlight.

BILL

We have everything we need.

(beat)

Ben, take us there.

And so they go, dropping quickly back into the Barrens,  
Ben in the lead. Henry and the boys head back in as well.

EXT. KANSAS STREET, CULVERT -- NIGHT

Bill parks. Ben helps Eddie out of the back seat and they  
gather at the top of the embankment. The wind is rising.

Beverly points down Kansas Street to the spot two hundred  
yards from them.

BEVERLY

Henry should be *there*. Isn't that  
how it went, where he came out?

RICHIE

Maybe he is.

Bill takes out his handgun.

EDDIE

Trade in your slingshot?

BILL

Something like that.

(beat)

Ben, take us there.

They head down, Ben in the lead.

EXT. THE BARRENS, OAK TREE -- DAY

Ben is hurrying through the Barrens as fast as he can, everyone bottling up behind him. Overhead, treetops are starting to sway so much they're CREAKING.

They run beneath their tree fort just as rain begins to fall. They can hear Henry calling to Victor and Belch nearby, getting closer. They go on.

EXT. THE BARRENS, PUMP HATCH -- DAY

They come to the clearing where the pump hatch is.

BILL

Beverly, cover us.

Beverly picks up rocks and loads one into the slingshot. Ben and the others crowd around the hatch and begin pushing the cover. It SCRAPES LOUDLY and tips over the edge. They find themselves looking down a fifteen-foot ladder.

BEVERLY

They heard! Go!

Bill goes first to help Eddie, who goes next. They descend as fast as they can. Richie follows. Ben hesitates, unwilling to leave Beverly.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Go, Haystack!

He does.

INT. THE TUNNELS, LADDER/PUMP BUNKER -- DAY

Bill helps Eddie to the bottom, into a foot of standing water. All around them, the walls DRIP. They look up and see Richie and Ben descending. Above them, Beverly's waiting for enough room to start down. All of a sudden, Henry appears behind her and puts the razor to her throat.

BILL

BEVERLY!

Beverly snaps her head back giving Henry the head-butt of his life. She's able to scramble onto the ladder just as he slaps at her with the razor, and duck, in time.

BEVERLY

GO BEN! GO!

INT. TUNNELS, PUMP BUNKER -- NIGHT

When Ben gets to the bottom, he's an adult. He helps Richie down and they gather in the glow of their flashlights, surrounded by dank, DRIPPING masonry. Bill makes sure they're all there and then starts leading the way.

INT. TUNNELS, CONCRETE LEVEL -- NIGHT

They make their way down a series of concrete tunnels of varying widths. The run-off is up to their knees.

INT. TUNNELS, "STOP LIGHT" INTERSECTION -- DAY

The tunnel dead-ends at a wall where three tunnels are stacked up like a stop light. Bill (11) hurries in and the others file behind him. The highest tunnel is also the largest, and it's running clear. The middle tunnel is a little smaller and is pouring out brackish water. The lowest tunnel is the smallest and runs with raw sewage.

BILL

Eddie-- Which one?

EDDIE

Don't ask me. Beverly's got a better brain for this.

BEVERLY

Where are we going?

BILL

Downtown. Under the canal.

Ben and Richie both nod; that sounds about right. Beverly looks and then points to the bottom pipe.

BILL (CONT'D)

You sure?

She nods. Behind them, they can hear HENRY'S VOICE ECHOING through the pipes. Bill steels himself, crouches down to the opening, and crawls in.

INT. TUNNELS, SHIT PIPE/BRICK LEVEL -- NIGHT

Eddie (38) is leading the way, holding his bandaged arm in front of him. He's trying to give everyone as much light as possible, but it's a small pipe.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BEVERLY

Eddie, don't forget there's a drop-off up ahead.

But Eddie's already there. He falls forward into dark, empty space, flashlight rolling away from him. He comes to a halt on his injured arm and yells.

BILL (O.S.)

You okay?!

EDDIE

Last step's a bitch.

He crawls to the flashlight and grabs it, finding himself suddenly face to face with the fresh, puffy corpses of twin boys sitting side by side. Eddie yells again.

Bill's frightened face appears at the opening of the shit pipe. He climbs down and sees the kids.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ. I forgot this part.

This tunnel is bigger and Eddie is able to stand upright. Bill helps the others down. Eddie has the light pointed to the silty floor.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Look. Someone's been here.

In his light they can see fresh, adult-sized boot prints.

BEVERLY

That's the way we have to go--

BILL

Ben, stay up front with Eddie. And take this.

He gives Ben the handgun.

They follow this new tunnel a hundred yards until another intersection. Beverly gestures to the right and they head down a gradually sloping brickwork tunnel, clearly older than the ones behind them.

THE DESTRUCTION OF DERRY, MONTAGE #1:

Downtown, the electronic bank clock flips to 6 a.m. Almost dawn. The dark sky begins spitting rain. Soon, all over Derry, a downpour begins.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RADIO WEATHERMAN  
*Apologies to all of you who heard  
last night's forecast. We've got a  
crazy weather pattern over the  
entire Penobscot Valley, from a  
drop in pressure we honestly just  
didn't see coming.*

INT. TUNNELS, BRICK LEVEL -- DAY

Bill falls out of the shit pipe into the brickwork tunnel  
with a painful drop.

BILL  
There's a drop-off! Be careful!

Beverly appears next, then Eddie, then Ben, then Richie.  
Bill puts a finger to his lips and they listen. They can  
hear Henry and the others at the other end of the shit  
pipe, crawling toward them.

RICHIE  
They're still coming.

BILL  
Which way, Bev? Hurry.

Beverly takes the flashlight and shines it one way, and  
then the other. The light passes over the dead twins.  
Eddie cries out.

BEVERLY  
It's this way.

They go, Eddie and Ben looking back, wide-eyed.

INT. TUNNELS, BRICK LEVEL -- NIGHT

Eddie leads the others down the brick tunnel to another,  
then another. Finally, they come to where it joins a low,  
wide tunnel that appears to be made out of wood. The  
floor is dry, dusty.

BEN  
We're deep. These tunnels haven't  
seen water in decades.

EDDIE  
I remember this. It's not far.

INT. TUNNELS, ECHO CHAMBER -- NIGHT

They proceed down the low, wood tunnel until it opens up into a kind of high-ceilinged echo chamber. Ahead of them there is a low, short tunnel ending at a small wood door.

BEN

That's it. This is as far as we went. You went on without us.

BILL

Not this time. Come on.

BEVERLY

This is where Victor and Belch--

Suddenly, she grabs the flashlight and knows exactly where to point it. In one of the corners lie the moldering, decades-old bodies of Belch and Victor. One of their skulls is a few feet away, grinning at them.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

We tried to help them--

BILL

Come on. It's time. Whatever you see, let it in. Believe. It's the only chance we've got.

Bill leads them down the crawl space to the little door, Then they all go through.

THE DESTRUCTION OF DERRY, MONTAGE #2:

Early morning commuters drive through standing water in low-lying spots. People waiting for buses along the Canal look with concern at the rising water.

INT. TUNNELS, WOOD LEVEL -- DAY

The kids come down to the echo chamber and see the door at the end of the little crawl space.

BILL

This must be it.

BEVERLY

What if it's locked.

BILL

Places like this are never locked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN

Bill--

Bill turns and points the light back down the tunnel. Standing there, twenty yards away, is Henry. He looks wild--covered in shit and blood. Victor and Belch are beside him, looking terrified. Victor actually says to them:

VICTOR CRISS

Can you help us out of here? We're out of matches--

But Henry steps forward, holding out the razor. He fixes his gaze on Bill. But before he can get close to him, a horrible TRUMPETING SOUND comes from the darkness behind them, followed by dozens of CLICKS and CLACKS.

Pennywise comes into the Echo Chamber and rears up into the light, above them, on some kind of long, disjointed legs, like circus stilts.

IT/PENNYWISE

Hello! And goodbye!

Victor turns to run, but It lashes out and yanks him back by the hair. He SCREAMS as it whips him around and then hurls him against the far wall. Belch tries to run past It, but it snags him.

BELCH HUGGINS

HELP ME! HELP!

And they try to. Beverly has pulled back the slingshot and gets off a good shot. It rears up, a hole opening in its shoulder, bleeding light. At the same time, Eddie runs in front of It and lifts up his aspirator.

EDDIE

This is battery acid, fucker!

He sprays the aspirator in the clown's face, which begins to bleed. It slaps Eddie to the ground and pins him there under one of its spindly legs.

It brings Belch up to its face and chews through his neck. Belch's head goes rolling off into a corner while It sucks out his heart's blood from the stump of his neck. When It's finished, it wings the corpse aside where it lands next to where Victor is crumpled, his head caved in. It's eyes have begun to brighten with some gastly internal light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ben goes after It with his stick to help Eddie, but It knocks him aside against the wall.

Beverly aims again and drills a stone into the leg that has Eddie pinned down. It rears up again in pain, light flooding out of its leg. It grabs Henry and dives into the crawl space where it drags him through the door. Most of the light goes with It.

BILL

Help Eddie and Ben! Help Victor!

Then Bill disappears after It through the door.

THE DESTRUCTION OF DERRY, MONTAGE #3:

Weather vanes pivot in the wind gusts. Intersections are flooding. Curbs are lost one after another under the runoff.

Suddenly, a huge concussion somewhere under Kansas Street shakes the homes there. Inside, toilets explode in geysers of sewage. People are killed in their morning ablutions by shards of porcelain.

INT. TUNNELS, ITS LAIR -- NIGHT/DAY

The adults all come through the tiny door into It's lair. It is a large space, some forgotten chamber of an old mine. Parts of the roof are still raw rock.

They come further into the room, afraid to make any noise. The place seems empty until they hear a GIBBERING sound coming from one side.

Eddie pins the light on it and they see: Henry Bowers is crouched against the wall, twitching and drooling, driven mad somehow. His eyes are rolled up and white.

But before she can answer, the little door behind them bursts open and It comes shooting in, flooding the room with light from its wounds, Henry Bowers (11) held in its grip.

Henry is SCREAMING, slashing at It with his razor. But It hauls Henry up to It's face and locks eyes with him. Henry goes still, trembling in some unthinkable connection with It.

The adults look from the young Henry to the older Henry in utter dismay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHIE  
WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING?!

BILL  
Remember what I said about time.  
It's different down here--don't  
let it distract you!

Ben empties the handgun into It, but it doesn't seem to slow It down at all. Eddie steps up with his aspirator and yells.

EDDIE  
This is battery acid, fucker!

He sprays it into It's face. This breaks the lock between It and Henry. It drops Henry as It lashes out at Eddie, LAUGHING a horrible LAUGH. It grabs Eddie, about to pull him up into the same awful embrace.

Beverly runs up and grabs Eddie, trying to pull him back down. Then she realizes--she got her hands on his belt. She yanks it hard, pulling it free. Then she goes for it.

BEVERLY  
I'm not scared anymore! You hear  
me! I'm FUCKING PISSED!

She whips It right in the face. And again. With great and utter power.

This works. It SCREAMS and drops Eddie. Then It turns and gallops off into the darkness. Ben runs over and helps Eddie to his feet. Eddie's bleeding through his bandages, but yells:

EDDIE  
Come on! Let's finish It!

BILL  
Hold on-- We need their help.

BEVERLY  
Who?!

Bill takes the flashlight and shines it back the way they came. A beat. **There, standing at the little door, is Bill (11), watching all of this.** Bill (38) says to him:

BILL  
It's okay. Go get the others.

**Bill (11) nods and goes back through the door.** Bill (38) turns to the others.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BILL (CONT'D)

This is what I was holding back. I saw us back in '85 all of us, right here, like we are now. I watched us go after It and I thought--*grown-ups can do It. They can kill It.* But I was wrong.

BEVERLY

Then how are we going to?!

BILL

How we should have before-- together. This is their fight as much as it is ours.

**Bill (11) comes back with Ben, Beverly, Eddie, and Richie in tow. The children all look at the adult versions of themselves.**

**Ben sees himself as a grown man, fit and thin. You can see the relief in his eyes. But Beverly sees herself as a woman with a healing split lip and a man's belt in her hand. Richie and Eddie look at themselves for evidence of a happier future. But the fact that they're still here, in this sewer, so many years later, does not bode well.**

BILL (CONT'D)

Let's end this thing.

They all head after It, kids and adults alike.

THE DESTRUCTION OF DERRY, MONTAGE #4:

Shingles and weather vanes are now blowing free of their moorings.

Car alarms and security systems all over downtown begin BLEATING as the rain turns to hail. The iron covers over the sewers begin shooting up one after another. People dodge out of the way and take cover.

INT. TUNNELS, IT'S LAIR -- NIGHT/DAY

They all follow a blood trail back through It's lair until they find It cornered behind its horrible cache of children--hundreds, from all periods of time. These are all the lives It's destroyed. The children look dazed and lost and frightened.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It watches them approach, still and silent, like a bird watches a snake. It is still bleeding light out of its wounds.

IT/PENNYWISE

You see, kiddos. It doesn't end.  
You're still a fag, Richie. And  
Beverly's still a punching bag.  
Always will be.

Richie stands with his **younger self**. He smiles.

RICHIE

(as Errol Flynn)  
He speak treason. *Fluently*.

**Young Richie smiles at this.**

Beverly kneels beside her **younger self** and says to her, with as much love as anger.

BEVERLY

I know how it looks, but It's lying, all right. It lies.

As It talks, its eyes grow brighter, revving up its dead-lights for a final *coup de main*.

IT/PENNYWISE

Eddie, your mom's calling. She'll always call, and you'll always answer. Hell, you marry her!

Eddie tells his **younger self**.

EDDIE

Don't listen. It won't end like that.

IT/PENNYWISE

Ben, every time you look in the mirror you know what you see. All those miles you put between you and fat boy, you know what you see. Food, booze, exercise, you'll try it all.

Ben shakes his head. **His younger self nods, reassured.**

BILL

But Bill. Big Bill beats you all. Big Bill doesn't even grow up. He won't without his Georgie-pie. He doesn't dare. So he never will.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Bill steps up in front of It, careful not to tread on any of the dead children.

IT/PENNYWISE

See? Even if you get me, I got you first. I still get you. I get all of you, all the time, forever.

It's eyes are getting brighter than the light spilling out of its wounds.

BEN

Bill-- Be careful!

But Bill turns to them, all of them, and simply says:

BILL

Make it hurt.

Then he turns back to It and grabs its head in his hands and stares right into its deadlights. They flare and a connection is forged.

BILL (CONT'D)

Come on! While it's distracted--

The kids dart forward first. They begin ripping into It, through the silken suit and then through skin. It fends them off as best It can--pistoning out Its hands and driving them back, whacking at them with Its claws, all the while locked into Bill's stare. The adults see the kids getting hurt and so go in as well and try to hold it down. It won't be held. It flails and struggles, clawing and raking at them like a wild animal.

BEN

Hurry--I don't know how long Bill can take this!

They are being cut up and bruised, all of them, but they fight on. **Beverly realizes all of the other children are watching. She calls to them:**

BEVERLY

**COME ON! YOU CAN FIGHT BACK!**

And they do, some of them. Soon a few dozen kids are all participating in the fight.

Beverly is able to cinch the belt around on of its hands and, with Ben's help, they pull it down on Its knees. Eddie and Richie subdue the other hand and do the same. The **children** come and hold It down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Bill (11) finds It's heart--its still-beating heart--and works his fingers around it. Then he rips it out. It writhes and screams.

BILL

LIAR! LIAR!

Bill holds up the heart for all to see and then smashes it against the floor, bursting it in a splash of inky gore.

And then, in a grotesque spasm of light, It dies. Bill (38) falls with It into the dark. The others adults run and crowd around him, flashlights on.. Beverly shakes him. He does not respond.

Overhead, and all around them, the walls of It's cavern begin to SHUDDER and, like the house on Neibolt Street, everything around them locks into one specific temporal reality--the present. But the SHUDDERING continues.

BEVERLY

Come on, Bill! Wake up!

Beverly is crying hard. They all are.

RICHIE

He has a heartbeat.

Ben opens one of Bill's eyes and strobes it with the flashlight. The pupil constricts, but Bill does not stir.

BEN

I don't know what's wrong. We've got to get him above ground. Now.

Richie looks around, but the kids are gone now, all of them, either out of this purgatory to whatever's next, or, in their own cases, back to their right decade. Above them, the whole works continue to GROAN and SHAKE.

EDDIE

What happened from here? Where did we go?

BEVERLY

Bill came out and told us he thought It'd died, or was about to. So we headed back. We came out on the other side of the Barrens, by the dump, but we made it out.

EDDIE

Can you do it again?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Beverly nods.

BEVERLY  
I'll go as fast as I can.

BEN  
(to Richie)  
Help me carry him.

They lift up Bill and begin back toward the door. All around them, they can hear the GROANING and SHIFTING continue. Some portions of the ceiling begin to come loose.

#### THE DESTRUCTION OF DERRY, MONTAGE #5:

There is a LOUD SCREECHING that causes everyone downtown to look up toward Bassey Park. With horror, they see the top of the Standpipe begin to bow its head like some kind of deflating balloon.

The Standpipe is indeed coming down. The downhill side of the foundation has been undermined by runoff and the whole structure is sliding. A huge crinkle in the brickwork appears as the 7,000 tons of water inside tilt past the point of no return. A series of TWANGS echoes out as the Standpipe's interior cables snap. The facade begins to crumble, shooting out water, and then the whole thing deflates, sending a grey tidal wave down the hill and toward the canal. The dozen houses between Bassey Park and the Canal are taken out whole, and swept into the raging canal.

Downtown, people hear the rush of water before they see it. Then, suddenly, it comes. Half of it is forced under downtown, half over. Water fans out on all the downtown streets, sweeping people off their feet and dragging them into parked cars and shattered storefronts.

Those who are not killed or swept away, listen from their places of refuge as the beams and supports *under* the city begin to twist and break apart. All at once, the section of downtown built over the canal begins to move. Windows shatter everywhere. Cracks begin racing up and down street after street. There are sounds like artillery fire. Then downtown Derry simply collapses.

The canal, roiling and boiling, its throat choked up with asphalt, concrete, and brick, now back-surges, sending water and debris lifting out over its concrete sleeve and racing in opposite directions. Residents of Derry run for their lives. Many are carried away by the horrible wave of wreckage of what was once their tidy city.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally, the water drains back toward what's left of the canal, and then begins moving on toward the Penobscot River, leaving cross streets all over downtown broken off and hanging in mid-air over the now exposed underground canal like huge diving boards.

INT. TUNNELS, CONCRETE LEVEL -- DAY

Ben and Richie carry Bill in thigh-deep, rushing water. Eddie leads the way with the flashlight and Beverly brings up the rear, her eyes wide. They come to a four-way fork. The ECHOES of TORRENTIAL WATER are loud here.

EDDIE

Which way, Bev?!

Beverly gestures and they go on. Something floats by Beverly. She sees it is a large plastic letter "Y."

EDDIE (CONT'D)

There's light ahead--!

They come up to a section of destroyed pipe clogged with debris. A few yards later, they can see blue sky above them. The tunnel opens up into a pit in which the marquee from the movie theatre has fallen. It still has most of its letters attached, reading "T E OD SSEY." Behind it, is a Cadillac Escalade on its back.

BEVERLY

What the fuck happened?!

Ben points to the marquee. It makes a kind of ramp up.

BEN

You think you can climb that, Bev?

EXT. DOWNTOWN DERRY -- DAY

Downtown is busy with ambulance traffic and city workers setting up crash barriers. A jagged crevasse two blocks long opens up where Main Street used to be. People mill about in shock, picking up things and tossing them down.

When Beverly appears at the top of the marquee, she hears someone yell to her. Soon a half dozen people come over to help. She finds herself being pulled up to safety.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then everyone leans back in to help the others. Around them, downtown Derry is destroyed--its history, its foundations, all of its cycles of renewal shattered.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. DENBROUGH HOUSE -- DAY

It's a sunny morning in Derry, Maine. A storm has passed through in the night. Tree limbs are down and houses are without power.

The Denbrough house sits back from the street. Several rental cars are parked in its driveway.

In a moment, Audra comes up the walk from Witcham Street. She makes her way around where some downed power lines are being fixed and walks up to Bill's front door.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, PARENTS' OLD BEDROOM -- DAY

Dappled sunlight shines through the window and onto the bed where Bill is lying, awake, but expressionless. There is a KNOCK, and then Eddie sticks his head inside.

EDDIE

Bill? There's someone here to see you.

He makes way for Audra to come through. She takes in Bill's lack of affect. She nods to Eddie and he leaves them alone. She takes a seat by the bed.

Bill has the look of a soldier who's come back from the front--out of danger, but unable to let go.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, DINING ROOM -- DAY

Ben, Beverly, and Richie are all around the table drinking coffee. Eddie comes down and shakes his head.

BEVERLY

It's just going to take time.

EDDIE

I don't like his not talking.

(beat)

I'd settle for his stutter. At least he'd be communicating.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHIE

He will. It's Big Bill.

But Richie doesn't look all that convinced himself.

BEVERLY

He looked right into It. Who knows  
what he saw.

There's no answering this question. Beverly shivers.

EXT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, FRONT PORCH -- DAY

Eddie and Richie are sitting on the porch, drinking beer  
and watching the power crews. Audra comes out. She looks  
a little less worried.

RICHIE

There's some warm soda, too.

Audra shakes her head and smiles.

AUDRA

Thank you for taking care of him  
like this. I'm hoping there's some-  
thing I can do, too. To help.

EDDIE

Just keep coming by. That can only  
help.

She nods.

AUDRA

Can you tell me what happened to  
him? I don't really understand--

RICHIE

I think we should let Bill do  
that. When he's ready.

Audra nods. She smiles and heads back out to the street.  
They watch her go.

EDDIE

That is one good-looking broad.

Richie doesn't answer.

EXT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, FRONT YARD -- DAY

Eddie is mowing Bill's lawn. It's later in the day now, the power crews gone. Ben and Beverly come outside.

BEN

The fridge is back on. We're going to go try to find a supermarket. Any requests?

EDDIE

No thanks. You seen Richie?

BEVERLY

In town, looking for a souvenir.

EDDIE

Who'd want a souvenir from Derry?

BEVERLY

Somebody named Steve. He said he'd tell us tonight.

Eddie waves and goes back to mowing.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, BILL'S OLD ROOM -- DAY

Eddie is in Bill's office. He sees all of the work Bill has put into keeping tabs on them--years of work. Boxes of research materials are stacked against one wall.

From the window he can see the grate where Georgie died. He looks at it for a moment, and then sees Bill's garage.

EXT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, GARAGE -- DAY

Eddie walks to the garage and pulls open the doors. He's greeted by a wall of junk--old furniture, boxes, etc. He goes right in and begins pulling stuff out.

In a moment, his phone RINGS. It's Myra. He ignores it.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, KITCHEN -- DUSK

Ben and Beverly come in with grocery bags. They find Richie standing at the window. When they join him, they see: Eddie has pulled half the stuff out of the garage.

BEN

What's he doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHIE

He wouldn't tell me. Says he has  
some idea about helping Bill.

But then Eddie comes out of the garage and all is clear.  
He's pushing Silver. The old moped has bloomed with rust  
and both its tires are flat. But it's in one piece.

Richie starts laughing. So does Ben.

REPAIR MONTAGE:

Richie watches as Ben and Eddie work on replacing all of  
the bike's cables. At another point, they have the motor  
cover off and are replacing the plugs.

Upstairs, Beverly sits with Bill while he eats some soup.  
It is getting dark outside. She talks to him and he nods,  
vaguely, at something she says.

Under the garage light, Richie sands off as much of the  
rust as he can while Ben changes the tires.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

Bill is just waking up. Eddie KNOCKS and comes in. Eddie  
crouches down next to the bed and smiles an odd smile.

EDDIE

Get dressed, Bill. I've got some-  
thing to show you.

EXT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, DRIVEWAY -- DAY

Eddie and Bill come out to find Ben, Beverly, and Richie  
all standing next to Silver. The bike looks as good as it  
ever did. Bill's expression is inscrutable.

BEVERLY

It was Eddie's idea. We think it's  
a good one.

EDDIE

Here's the deal. You get to ride  
it one last time. Then we find  
some kid to take it off your hands  
and you start fresh, start over,  
whatever you want to call it.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

RICHIE

Yeah, we'll find some kid who really wants a thirty-year-old piece-of-shit scooter.

Bill walks over to Silver and takes a good, long look.

EDDIE

You saved my life on this bike.  
Ben's too. Give it a try.

Richie hands him the key. Bill looks at it.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Come on, brother. One last ride.

Bill gets on Silver. He turns to Richie and says:

BILL

It's a moped.

Then he starts the engine. Tuned up like it is, it catches the first time. Bill lets it out and rolls it slowly down the driveway, gravel CRUNCHING underneath.

RICHIE

He's gonna rock and roll!

BEVERLY

Down Main Street. On his head.

Beverly takes Ben's hand. They all watch Bill go.

EXT. STREETS OF DERRY -- DAY

Bill rides carefully down the streets of Derry. There are displays of catastrophe everywhere--broken pavements, half-crushed houses, charred cars--but there are just as many signs of people beginning to move forward.

At first, Bill looks lost and tentative, but slowly he begins to seem more present.

ADULT BILL (V.O.)

The clown was wrong: Nothing lasts forever, not even childhood. The magic, the invention, the angels, the boogeymen. It all goes. All your Dreams and Nightmares are all knocked off the hill and Reason becomes king.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADULT BILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And that's good. That's how it's  
supposed to happen.

People on the streets clearing debris watch Bill as he  
rides by, a little faster now.

ADULT BILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But it doesn't all go at once. And  
that's the beautiful part. No  
matter how hard the people in your  
life try to speed it out of you.  
The child leaves slowly, one whis-  
pered wish--or shaming secret--at  
a time. And that's why the child  
really is the father of the man. I  
never understood that before. But  
I do now.

(beat)

At least for the ones who make it.

**EXT. DERRY SEWER -- DAY**

The five members of the Loser's Club climb out of a large  
sewer drain in some far corner of the Barrens. They are  
carrying Henry, who is catatonic. They lay him on the dry  
bank and then come together. They stand in a circle, hold-  
ing hands. They look around at each other, getting  
strength from their love and friendship. Bill smiles.

BACK TO:

As he rides, he sheds a few last tears. But as he feels  
more comfortable, he speeds up, buzzing past cars. One  
even HONKS. By the time Bill speeds down Up-Mile Hill,  
gunning it all the way, he has started to smile.